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CHAPTERS FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.—XIII.

BY MARK TWAIN.

PREFATORY NOTE.—Mr. Clemens began to write his autobiography many years ago, and he continues to add to it day by day. It was his original intention to permit no publication of his memoirs until after his death; but, after leaving "Pier No. 70," he concluded that a considerable portion might now suitably be given to the public. It is that portion, garnered from the quarter-million of words already written, which will appear in this REVIEW during the coming year. No part of the autobiography will be published in book form during the lifetime of the author.—EDITOR N. A. R.

. . . As I have said, that vast plot of Tennessee land† was held by my father twenty years—intact. When he died in 1847, (1847.) we began to manage it ourselves. Forty years afterward, we had managed it all away except 10,000 acres, and gotten nothing to remember the sales by. About 1887—possibly it was earlier—the 10,000 went. My brother found a chance to trade it for a house and lot in the town of Corry, in the oil regions of Pennsylvania. About 1894 he sold this property for $250. That ended the Tennessee Land.

If any penny of cash ever came out of my father's wise investment but that, I have no recollection of it. No, I am overlooking

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a detail. It furnished me a field for Sellers and a book. Out of my half of the book I got $15,000 or $20,000; out of the play I got $75,000 or $80,000—just about a dollar an acre. It is curious: I was not alive when my father made the investment, therefore he was not intending any partiality; yet I was the only member of the family that ever profited by it. I shall have occasion to mention this land again, now and then, as I go along, for it influenced our life in one way or another during more than a generation. Whenever things grew dark it rose and put out its hopeful Sellers hand and cheered us up, and said "Do not be afraid—trust in me—wait." It kept us hoping and hoping, during forty years, and forsook us at last. It put our energies to sleep and made visionaries of us—dreamers and indolent. We were always going to be rich next year—no occasion to work. It is good to begin life poor; it is good to begin life rich—these are wholesome; but to begin it *prospectively* rich! The man who has not experienced it cannot imagine the curse of it.

My parents removed to Missouri in the early thirties; I do not remember just when, for I was not born then, and cared nothing for such things. It was a long journey in those days, and must have been a rough and tiresome one. The home was made in the wee village of Florida, in Monroe county, and I was born there in 1835. The village contained a hundred people and I increased the population by one per cent. It is more than the best man in history ever did for any other town. It may not be modest in me to refer to this, but it is true. There is no record of a person doing as much—not even Shakespeare. But I did it for Florida, and it shows that I could have done it for any place—even London, I suppose.

Recently some one in Missouri has sent me a picture of the house I was born in. Heretofore I have always stated that it was a palace, but I shall be more guarded, now.

I remember only one circumstance connected with my life in it. I remember it very well, though I was but two and a half years old at the time. The family packed up everything and started in wagons for Hannibal, on the Mississippi, thirty miles away. Toward night, when they camped and counted up the children, one was missing. I was the one. I had been left behind. Parents ought always to count the children before they start. I was having a good enough time playing by myself until I found that the

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doors were fastened and that there was a grisly deep silence brooding over the place. I knew, then, that the family were gone, and that they had forgotten me. I was well frightened, and I made all the noise I could, but no one was near and it did no good. I spent the afternoon in captivity and was not rescued until the gloaming had fallen and the place was alive with ghosts.

My brother Henry was six months old at that time. I used to remember his walking into a fire outdoors when he was a week old. It was remarkable in me to remember a thing like that, which occurred when I was so young. And it was still more remarkable that I should cling to the delusion, for thirty years, that I *did* remember it — for of course it never happened; he would not have been able to walk at that age. If I had stopped to reflect, I should not have burdened my memory with that impossible rubbish so long. It is believed by many people that an impression deposited in a child's memory within the first two years of its life cannot remain there five years, but that is an error. The incident of Benvenuto Cellini and the salamander must be accepted as authentic and trustworthy; and then that remarkable and indisputable instance in the experience of Helen Keller—however, I will speak of that at another time. For many years I believed that I remembered helping my grandfather drink his whiskey toddy when I was six weeks old, but I do not tell about that any more, now; I am grown old, and my memory is not as active as it used to be. When I was younger I could remember anything, whether it had happened or not; but my faculties are decaying, now, and soon I shall be so I cannot remember any but the things that happened. It is sad to go to pieces like this, but we all have to do it.

My uncle, John A. Quarles, was a farmer, and his place was in the country four miles from Florida. He had eight children, and fifteen or twenty negroes, and was also fortunate in other ways. Particularly in his character. I have not come across a better man than he was. I was his guest for two or three months every year, from the fourth year after we removed to Hannibal till I was eleven or twelve years old. I have never consciously used him or his wife in a book, but his farm has come very handy to me in literature, once or twice. In "Huck Finn" and in "Tom Sawyer Detective" I moved it down to Arkansas. It was all of six hundred miles, but it was no trouble, it was not a very

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large farm; five hundred acres, perhaps, but I could have done it if it had been twice as large. And as for the morality of it, I cared nothing for that; I would move a State if the exigencies of literature required it.

It was a heavenly place for a boy, that farm of my uncle John's. The house was a double log one, with a spacious floor (roofed in) connecting it with the kitchen. In the summer the table was set in the middle of that shady and breezy floor, and the sumptuous meals—well, it makes me cry to think of them. Fried chicken, roast pig, wild and tame turkeys, ducks and geese; venison just killed; squirrels, rabbits, pheasants, partridges, prairie-chickens; biscuits, hot batter cakes, hot buckwheat cakes, hot "wheat bread," hot rolls, hot corn pone; fresh corn boiled on the ear, succotash, butter-beans, string-beans, tomatoes, pease, Irish potatoes, sweet-potatoes; buttermilk, sweet milk, "clabber"; watermelons, musk-melons, cantaloups—all fresh from the garden—apple pie, peach pie, pumpkin pie, apple dumplings, peach cobbler—I can't remember the rest. The way that the things were cooked was perhaps the main splendor—particularly a certain few of the dishes. For instance, the corn bread, the hot biscuits and wheat bread, and the fried chicken. These things have never been properly cooked in the North—in fact, no one there is able to learn the art, so far as my experience goes. The North thinks it knows how to make corn bread, but this is gross superstition. Perhaps no bread in the world is quite as good as Southern corn bread, and perhaps no bread in the world is quite so bad as the Northern imitation of it. The North seldom tries to fry chicken, and this is well; the art cannot be learned north of the line of Mason and Dixon, nor anywhere in Europe. This is not hearsay; it is experience that is speaking. In Europe it is imagined that the custom of serving various kinds of bread blazing hot is "American," but that is too broad a spread; it is custom in the South, but is much less than that in the North. In the North and in Europe hot bread is considered unhealthy. This is probably another fussy superstition, like the European superstition that ice-water is unhealthy. Europe does not need ice-water, and does not drink it; and yet, notwithstanding this, its word for it is better than ours, because it describes it, whereas ours doesn't. Europe calls it "iced" water. Our word describes water made from melted ice—a drink which we have but little acquaintance with.

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It seems a pity that the world should throw away so many good things merely because they are unwholesome. I doubt if God has given us any refreshment which, taken in moderation, is unwholesome, except microbes. Yet there are people who strictly deprive themselves of each and every eatable, drinkable and smokable which has in any way acquired a shady reputation. They pay this price for health. And health is all they get for it. How strange it is; it is like paying out your whole fortune for a cow that has gone dry.

The farmhouse stood in the middle of a very large yard, and the yard was fenced on three sides with rails and on the rear side with high palings; against these stood the smokehouse; beyond the palings was the orchard; beyond the orchard were the negro quarter and the tobacco-fields. The front yard was entered over a stile, made of sawed-off logs of graduated heights; I do not remember any gate. In a corner of the front yard were a dozen lofty hickory-trees and a dozen black-walnuts, and in the nutting season riches were to be gathered there.

Down a piece, abreast the house, stood a little log cabin against the rail fence; and there the woody hill fell sharply away, past the barns, the corn-crib, the stables and the tobacco-curing house, to a limpid brook which sang along over its gravelly bed and curved and frisked in and out and here and there and yonder in the deep shade of overhanging foliage and vines—a divine place for wading, and it had swimming-pools, too, which were forbidden to us and therefore much frequented by us. For we were little Christian children, and had early been taught the value of forbidden fruit.

In the little log cabin lived a bedridden white-headed slave woman whom we visited daily, and looked upon with awe, for we believed she was upwards of a thousand years old and had talked with Moses. The younger negroes credited these statistics, and had furnished them to us in good faith. We accommodated all the details which came to us about her; and so we believed that she had lost her health in the long desert trip coming out of Egypt, and had never been able to get it back again. She had a round bald place on the crown of her head, and we used to creep around and gaze at it in reverent silence, and reflect that it was caused by fright through seeing Pharaoh drowned. We called her "Aunt" Hannah, Southern fashion.

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She was superstitious like the other negroes; also, like them, she was deeply religious. Like them, she had great faith in prayer, and employed it in all ordinary exigencies, but not in cases where a dead certainty of result was urgent. Whenever witches were around she tied up the remnant of her wool in little tufts, with white thread, and this promptly made the witches impotent.

All the negroes were friends of ours, and with those of our own age we were in effect comrades. I say in effect, using the phrase as a modification. We were comrades, and yet not comrades; color and condition interposed a subtle line which both parties were conscious of, and which rendered complete fusion impossible. We had a faithful and affectionate good friend, ally and adviser in "Uncle Dan'l," a middle-aged slave whose head was the best one in the negro quarter, whose sympathies were wide and warm, and whose heart was honest and simple and knew no guile. He has served me well, these many, many years. I have not seen him for more than half a century, and yet spiritually I have had his welcome company a good part of that time, and have staged him in books under his own name and as "Jim," and carted him all around—to Hannibal, down the Mississippi on a raft, and even across the Desert of Sahara in a balloon—and he has endured it all with the patience and friendliness and loyalty which were his birthright. It was on the farm that I got my strong liking for his race and my appreciation of certain of its fine qualities. This feeling and this estimate have stood the test of sixty years and more and have suffered no impairment. The black face is as welcome to me now as it was then.

In my schoolboy days I had no aversion to slavery. I was not aware that there was anything wrong about it. No one arraigned it in my hearing; the local papers said nothing against it; the local pulpit taught us that God approved it, that it was a holy thing, and that the doubter need only look in the Bible if he wished to settle his mind—and then the texts were read aloud to us to make the matter sure; if the slaves themselves had an aversion to slavery they were wise and said nothing. In Hannibal we seldom saw a slave misused; on the farm, never.

There was, however, one small incident of my boyhood days which touched this matter, and it must have meant a good deal to me or it would not have stayed in my memory, clear and sharp, vivid and shadowless, all these slow-drifting years. We had a

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little slave boy whom we had hired from some one, there in Hannibal. He was from the Eastern Shore of Maryland, and had been brought away from his family and his friends, half-way across the American continent, and sold. He was a cheery spirit, innocent and gentle, and the noisiest creature that ever was, perhaps. All day long he was singing, whistling, yelling, whooping, laughing—it was maddening, devastating, unendurable. At last, one day, I lost all my temper, and went raging to my mother, and said Sandy had been singing for an hour without a single break, and I couldn't stand it, and *wouldn't* she please shut him up. The tears came into her eyes, and her lip trembled, and she said something like this—

"Poor thing, when he sings, it shows that he is not remembering, and that comforts me; but when he is still, I am afraid he is thinking, and I cannot bear it. He will never see his mother again; if he can sing, I must not hinder it, but be thankful for it. If you were older, you would understand me; then that friendless child's noise would make you glad."

It was a simple speech, and made up of small words, but it went home, and Sandy's noise was not a trouble to me any more. She never used large words, but she had a natural gift for making small ones do effective work. She lived to reach the neighborhood of ninety years, and was capable with her tongue to the last—especially when a meanness or an injustice roused her spirit. She has come handy to me several times in my books, where she figures as Tom Sawyer's "Aunt Polly." I fitted her out with a dialect, and tried to think up other improvements for her, but did not find any. I used Sandy once, also; it was in "Tom Sawyer"; I tried to get him to whitewash the fence, but it did not work. I do not remember what name I called him by in the book.

I can see the farm yet, with perfect clearness. I can see all its belongings, all its details; the family room of the house, with a "trundle" bed in one corner and a spinning-wheel in another—a wheel whose rising and falling wail, heard from a distance, was the mournfulest of all sounds to me, and made me homesick and low-spirited, and filled my atmosphere with the wandering spirits of the dead; the vast fireplace, piled high, on winter nights, with flaming hickory logs from whose ends a sugary sap bubbled out but did not go to waste, for we scraped it

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off and ate it; the lazy cat spread out on the rough hearthstones, the drowsy dogs braced against the jambs and blinking; my aunt in one chimney-corner knitting, my uncle in the other smoking his corn-cob pipe; the slick and carpetless oak floor faintly mirroring the dancing flame-tongues and freckled with black indentations where fire-coals had popped out and died a leisurely death; half a dozen children romping in the background twilight; "split"-bottomed chairs here and there, some with rockers; a cradle—out of service, but waiting, with confidence; in the early cold mornings a snuggle of children, in shirts and chemises, occupying the hearthstone and procrastinating — they could not bear to leave that comfortable place and go out on the wind-swept floor-space between the house and kitchen where the general tin basin stood, and wash.

Along outside of the front fence ran the country road; dusty in the summer-time, and a good place for snakes—they liked to lie in it and sun themselves; when they were rattlesnakes or puff adders, we killed them; when they were black snakes, or racers, or belonged to the fabled "hoop" breed, we fled, without shame; when they were "house snakes" or "garters" we carried them home and put them in Aunt Patsy's work-basket for a surprise; for she was prejudiced against snakes, and always when she took the basket in her lap and they began to climb out of it it disordered her mind. She never could seem to get used to them; her opportunities went for nothing. And she was always cold toward bats, too, and could not bear them; and yet I think a bat is as friendly a bird as there is. My mother was Aunt Patsy's sister, and had the same wild superstitions. A bat is beautifully soft and silky; I do not know any creature that is pleasanter to the touch, or is more grateful for caressings, if offered in the right spirit. I know all about these coleoptera, because our great cave, three miles below Hannibal, was multitudinously stocked with them, and often I brought them home to amuse my mother with. It was easy to manage if it was a school day, because then I had ostensibly been to school and hadn't any bats. She was not a suspicious person, but full of trust and confidence; and when I said "There's something in my coat pocket for you," she would put her hand in. But she always took it out again, herself; I didn't have to tell her. It was remarkable, the way she couldn't learn to like private bats.

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I think she was never in the cave in her life; but everybody else went there. Many excursion parties came from considerable distances up and down the river to visit the cave. It was miles in extent, and was a tangled wilderness of narrow and lofty clefts and passages. It was an easy place to get lost in; anybody could do it—including the bats. I got lost in it myself, along with a lady, and our last candle burned down to almost nothing before we glimpsed the search-party's lights winding about in the distance.

"Injun Joe" the half-breed got lost in there once, and would have starved to death if the bats had run short. But there was no chance of that; there were myriads of them. He told me all his story. In the book called "Tom Sawyer" I starved him entirely to death in the cave, but that was in the interest of art; it never happened. "General" Gaines, who was our first town drunkard before Jimmy Finn got the place, was lost in there for the space of a week, and finally pushed his handkerchief out of a hole in a hilltop near Saverton, several miles down the river from the cave's mouth, and somebody saw it and dug him out. There is nothing the matter with his statistics except the handkerchief. I knew him for years, and he hadn't any. But it could have been his nose. That would attract attention.

Beyond the road where the snakes sunned themselves was a dense young thicket, and through it a dim-lighted path led a quarter of a mile; then out of the dimness one emerged abruptly upon a level great prairie which was covered with wild strawberry-plants, vividly starred with prairie pinks, and walled in on all sides by forests. The strawberries were fragrant and fine, and in the season we were generally there in the crisp freshness of the early morning, while the dew-beads still sparkled upon the grass and the woods were ringing with the first songs of the birds.

Down the forest slopes to the left were the swings. They were made of bark stripped from hickory saplings. When they became dry they were dangerous. They usually broke when a child was forty feet in the air, and this was why so many bones had to be mended every year. I had no ill-luck myself, but none of my cousins escaped. There were eight of them, and at one time and another they broke fourteen arms among them. But it cost next to nothing, for the doctor worked by the year—$25 for the whole family. I remember two of the Florida doctors, Chowning and Meredith. They not only tended an entire family for $25 a year,

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but furnished the medicines themselves. Good measure, too. Only the largest persons could hold a whole dose. Castor-oil was the principal beverage. The dose was half a dipperful, with half a dipperful of New Orleans molasses added to help it down and make it taste good, which it never did. The next standby was calomel; the next, rhubarb; and the next, jalap. Then they bled the patient, and put mustard-plasters on him. It was a dreadful system, and yet the death-rate was not heavy. The calomel was nearly sure to salivate the patient and cost him some of his teeth. There were no dentists. When teeth became touched with decay or were otherwise ailing, the doctor knew of but one thing to do: he fetched his tongs and dragged them out. If the jaw remained, it was not his fault.

Doctors were not called, in cases of ordinary illness; the family's grandmother attended to those. Every old woman was a doctor, and gathered her own medicines in the woods, and knew how to compound doses that would stir the vitals of a cast-iron dog. And then there was the "Indian doctor"; a grave savage, remnant of his tribe, deeply read in the mysteries of nature and the secret properties of herbs; and most backwoodsmen had high faith in his powers and could tell of wonderful cures achieved by him. In Mauritius, away off yonder in the solitudes of the Indian Ocean, there is a person who answers to our Indian doctor of the old times. He is a negro, and has had no teaching as a doctor, yet there is one disease which he is master of and can cure, and the doctors can't. They send for him when they have a case. It is a child's disease of a strange and deadly sort, and the negro cures it with a herb medicine which he makes, himself, from a prescription which has come down to him from his father and grandfather. He will not let any one see it. He keeps the secret of its components to himself, and it is feared that he will die without divulging it; then there will be consternation in Mauritius. I was told these things by the people there, in 1896.

We had the "faith doctor," too, in those early days—a woman. Her specialty was toothache. She was a farmer's old wife, and lived five miles from Hannibal. She would lay her hand on the patient's jaw and say "Believe!" and the cure was prompt. Mrs. Utterback. I remember her very well. Twice I rode out there behind my mother, horseback, and saw the cure performed. My mother was the patient.

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Dr. Meredith removed to Hannibal, by and by, and was our family physician there, and saved my life several times. Still, he was a good man and meant well. Let it go.

I was always told that I was a sickly and precarious and tiresome and uncertain child, and lived mainly on allopathic medicines during the first seven years of my life. I asked my mother about this, in her old age—she was in her 88th year—and said:

"I suppose that during all that time you were uneasy about me?"

"Yes, the whole time."

"Afraid I wouldn't live?"

After a reflective pause—ostensibly to think out the facts—

"No—afraid you would."

It sounds like a plagiarism, but it probably wasn't. The country schoolhouse was three miles from my uncle's farm. It stood in a clearing in the woods, and would hold about twenty-five boys and girls. We attended the school with more or less regularity once or twice a week, in summer, walking to it in the cool of the morning by the forest paths, and back in the gloaming at the end of the day. All the pupils brought their dinners in baskets — corn-dodger, buttermilk and other good things — and sat in the shade of the trees at noon and ate them. It is the part of my education which I look back upon with the most satisfaction. My first visit to the school was when I was seven. A strapping girl of fifteen, in the customary sunbonnet and calico dress, asked me if I "used tobacco"—meaning did I chew it. I said, no. It roused her scorn. She reported me to all the crowd, and said—

"Here is a boy seven years old who can't chaw tobacco."

By the looks and comments which this produced, I realized that I was a degraded object; I was cruelly ashamed of myself. I determined to reform. But I only made myself sick; I was not able to learn to chew tobacco. I learned to smoke fairly well, but that did not conciliate anybody, and I remained a poor thing, and characterless. I longed to be respected, but I never was able to rise. Children have but little charity for each other's defects.

As I have said, I spent some part of every year at the farm until I was twelve or thirteen years old. The life which I led there with my cousins was full of charm, and so is the memory of it yet. I can call back the solemn twilight and mystery of the

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deep woods, the earthy smells, the faint odors of the wild flowers, the sheen of rain-washed foliage, the rattling clatter of drops when the wind shook the trees, the far-off hammering of woodpeckers and the muffled drumming of wood-pheasants in the remoteness of the forest, the snap-shot glimpses of disturbed wild creatures skurrying through the grass,—I can call it all back and make it as real as it ever was, and as blessed. I can call back the prairie, and its loneliness and peace, and a vast hawk hanging motionless in the sky, with his wings spread wide and the blue of the vault showing through the fringe of their end-feathers. I can see the woods in their autumn dress, the oaks purple, the hickories washed with gold, the maples and the sumacs luminous with crimson fires, and I can hear the rustle made by the fallen leaves as we ploughed through them. I can see the blue clusters of wild grapes hanging amongst the foliage of the saplings, and I remember the taste of them and the smell. I know how the wild blackberries looked, and how they tasted; and the same with the pawpaws, the hazelnuts and the persimmons; and I can feel the thumping rain, upon my head, of hickory-nuts and walnuts when we were out in the frosty dawn to scramble for them with the pigs, and the gusts of wind loosed them and sent them down. I know the stain of blackberries, and how pretty it is; and I know the stain of walnut hulls, and how little it minds soap and water; also what grudged experience it had of either of them. I know the taste of maple sap, and when to gather it, and how to arrange the troughs and the delivery tubes, and how to boil down the juice, and how to hook the sugar after it is made; also how much better hooked sugar tastes than any that is honestly come by, let bigots say what they will. I know how a prize watermelon looks when it is sunning its fat rotundity among pumpkin-vines and "simblins"; I know how to tell when it is ripe without "plugging" it; I know how inviting it looks when it is cooling itself in a tub of water under the bed, waiting; I know how it looks when it lies on the table in the sheltered great floor-space between house and kitchen, and the children gathered for the sacrifice and their mouths watering; I know the crackling sound it makes when the carving-knife enters its end, and I can see the split fly along in front of the blade as the knife cleaves its way to the other end; I can see its halves fall apart and display the rich red meat and the black seeds, and the heart

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standing up, a luxury fit for the elect; I know how a boy looks, behind a yard-long slice of that melon, and I know how he feels; for I have been there. I know the taste of the watermelon which has been honestly come by, and I know the taste of the watermelon which has been acquired by art. Both taste good, but the experienced know which tastes best. I know the look of green apples and peaches and pears on the trees, and I know how entertaining they are when they are inside of a person. I know how ripe ones look when they are piled in pyramids under the trees, and how pretty they are and how vivid their colors. I know how a frozen apple looks, in a barrel down cellar in the winter-time, and how hard it is to bite, and how the frost makes the teeth ache, and yet how good it is, notwithstanding. I know the disposition of elderly people to select the specked apples for the children, and I once knew ways to beat the game. I know the look of an apple that is roasting and sizzling on a hearth on a winter's evening, and I know the comfort that comes of eating it hot, along with some sugar and a drench of cream. I know the delicate art and mystery of so cracking hickory-nuts and walnuts on a flatiron with a hammer that the kernels will be delivered whole, and I know how the nuts, taken in conjunction with winter apples, cider and doughnuts, make old people's tales and old jokes sound fresh and crisp and enchanting, and juggle an evening away before you know what went with the time. I know the look of Uncle Dan'l's kitchen as it was on privileged nights when I was a child, and I can see the white and black children grouped on the hearth, with the firelight playing on their faces and the shadows flickering upon the walls, clear back toward the cavernous gloom of the rear, and I can hear Uncle Dan'l telling the immortal tales which Uncle Remus Harris was to gather into his books and charm the world with, by and by; and I can feel again the creepy joy which quivered through me when the time for the ghost-story of the "Golden Arm" was reached—and the sense of regret, too, which came over me, for it was always the last story of the evening, and there was nothing between it and the unwelcome bed.

I can remember the bare wooden stairway in my uncle's house, and the turn to the left above the landing, and the rafters and the slanting roof over my bed, and the squares of moonlight on the floor, and the white cold world of snow outside, seen through

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the curtainless window. I can remember the howling of the wind and the quaking of the house on stormy nights, and how snug and cozy one felt, under the blankets, listening, and how the powdery snow used to sift in, around the sashes, and lie in little ridges on the floor, and make the place look chilly in the morning, and curb the wild desire to get up—in case there was any. I can remember how very dark that room was, in the dark of the moon, and how packed it was with ghostly stillness when one woke up by accident away in the night, and forgotten sins came flocking out of the secret chambers of the memory and wanted a hearing; and how ill chosen the time seemed for this kind of business; and how dismal was the hoo-hooing of the owl and the wailing of the wolf, sent mourning by on the night wind.

I remember the raging of the rain on that roof, summer nights, and how pleasant it was to lie and listen to it, and enjoy the white splendor of the lightning and the majestic booming and crashing of the thunder. It was a very satisfactory room; and there was a lightning-rod which was reachable from the window, an adorable and skittish thing to climb up and down, summer nights, when there were duties on hand of a sort to make privacy desirable.

I remember the 'coon and 'possum hunts, nights, with the negroes, and the long marches through the black gloom of the woods, and the excitement which fired everybody when the distant bay of an experienced dog announced that the game was treed; then the wild scramblings and stumblings through briars and bushes and over roots to get to the spot; then the lighting of a fire and the felling of the tree, the joyful frenzy of the dogs and the negroes, and the weird picture it all made in the red glare—I remember it all well, and the delight that every one got out of it, except the 'coon.

I remember the pigeon seasons, when the birds would come in millions, and cover the trees, and by their weight break down the branches. They were clubbed to death with sticks; guns were not necessary, and were not used. I remember the squirrel hunts, and the prairie-chicken hunts, and the wild-turkey hunts, and all that; and how we turned out, mornings, while it was still dark, to go on these expeditions, and how chilly and dismal it was, and how often I regretted that I was well enough to go. A toot on a tin horn brought twice as many dogs as were needed, and in

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their happiness they raced and scampered about, and knocked small people down, and made no end of unnecessary noise. At the word, they vanished away toward the woods, and we drifted silently after them in the melancholy gloom. But presently the gray dawn stole over the world, the birds piped up, then the sun rose and poured light and comfort all around, everything was fresh and dewy and fragrant, and life was a boon again. After three hours of tramping we arrived back wholesomely tired, overladen with game, very hungry, and just in time for breakfast.

MARK TWAIN.

(To be Continued.)

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THE PERILS OF THE REPUBLIC.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

In the American Republic high hopes for humanity, as we all know, are embarked. To its struggles and vicissitudes the eyes of all of us, but especially those of its neighbors and partners on this continent, are turned. It has just been the scene of a notable uprising of the moral force against evil, especially commercial, but also municipal, and to some extent general. A survey of the situation and of the forces with which reform has to contend naturally suggests itself, and may be made in a spirit of hope.

The peril which presents itself most prominently is, perhaps, that of the deluge of alien immigration to which it seems hardly possible to set bounds. Very difficult it is to close the hospitable gate which has so long stood open to the distressed or the adventurous of all lands. The educational test probably avails little. It may fail to exclude the most alien and the most dangerous immigration of all. The original population of the States, it is true, was mixed. But there was nothing unassimilable in the Dutchman, the Frenchman or the Swede. Irish immigration frightened Americans into Know-nothingism. But about the worst that it did, after all, was to fill the ranks of Tammany. It has found its level and is a source of alarm no more. Not so the Italian, with his Mafia, or the Russian and Polish exile. The spirit of European revolution and of European anarchism is invading American cities. Sympathy with political assassination is proclaimed at a great meeting at New York. Bombs, those deadly weapons of anarchism, against which civilization may have to defend itself by strong measures, are beginning to be thrown on this continent. Great American cities now are ceasing to be American. The public school has worked wonders in the way of assimilation. But the assimilation must for some time

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be rather that of intellect than of character, political or moral. The common school of New England or Scotland was hardly the prototype of its successor at the present day. It was strongly religious and probably not unparental.

On the character of the American people, their good sense, their self-reliance, their love of personal independence, their respect for law and property, the Republic has rested more than on government or institutions. A couple of years spent in intercourse with the people of a country town have sufficed to breed a firm belief in the stability of that foundation. Any political or social question those people, with the facts fairly before them and sufficient time for consideration, would probably decide aright. But their vote seems now in danger of being overwhelmed by that of the alien population of the cities.

Together with this dangerous tidal-wave of immigration, and partly as a consequence of it, comes industrial disturbance of a formidable character, and extending in its effects to the social and political spheres. Factories have everywhere multiplied the wage-earning class and gathered it into inflammable masses in the great cities. It has learned to organize and struggle for its own class interests, apart from those of the rest of the community. It has largely lost its faith in the religion which taught that the social order was providential and that for those who had the humbler and poorer lot in this world there would be compensation in the next. Education has stirred its aspirations and stimulated its envy by bringing it to a nearer view of the advantages of wealth. It has opened a ready ear to teachers who tell it that all wealth is its creation, rightfully belongs to it, has been taken away from it by a usurping caste and ought to be restored to it. This, not a philosophic dream of universal equality and felicity, is what Labor means by "Socialism." The result is militant unionism, with leaders whose vocation is industrial war, and incessant strikes ruinous to production, destructive of the value of labor and ominous of civil strife, to which indeed they have more than once given birth, Chicago as the metropolis of alien labor being the natural field of the collision.

Socialism proper is a vision of equality and felicity in a world of inequality and endurance. Never has it presented itself in a more fascinating or apparently practical form than in the "Utopia" of Sir Thomas More, who, however, so far as we

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know, took not a single step towards its realization. No attempt was ever made to realize Plato's "Republic." Sparta's military communism was based on helotage. But the name of Socialism is assumed by a very practical movement for the use of political power in an attack on accumulated wealth and the transfer of it to the class which arrogates to itself the title of "Labor."

Wealth has to a vast and threatening extent accumulated in certain hands, though not in those of a caste, as Labor manifestoes imply; for of the millionaires on this continent at all events almost all have risen from humble beginnings, if not from the ranks of Labor. Millionairism would appear to be largely the natural offspring of an age of vast commercial enterprises, together with commercial concentration such as is produced by the elimination of the middleman with ultimate benefit—to the consumer. Still, the power it gives is a political danger, though one on which the world is now pretty well on its guard. The millionaire's idle and dissipated heir, with his vulgar sensuality and display, is a serious danger to society. At him the finger of social revolution is pointed with fatal effect. In England, hereditary wealth, if it is in land, has cut out for it a certain measure of territorial and municipal duties which, on the whole, have hitherto been not very badly performed, at least by the resident holders of single estates. It is moreover held under the censorship of a generally moral and polished society. The profligate heir of millions in America has no duty cut out for him, and is free from social censorship of any kind.

Decay of religious belief and hopes has been noticed as an element in the production of industrial discontent. To whatever extent it may have gone, it cannot fail to be a serious change of the national character, which has hitherto been generally and fundamentally religious. The grasping desire of growing suddenly rich may surely be traceable in some measure to the decline of spiritual interests and of hopes beyond this present world.

The moral recoil so manifest of late, and so hopeful, has shown itself partly in exposure of commercial fraud, partly in insurrection against the reign of corruption in great cities, which has, no doubt, been aggravated by the influx of aliens, instruments ready to the hand of municipal intrigue; as at San Francisco, where, it now appears, there was a frightful reign of corruption bossed by a French Jew. At Philadelphia, St. Louis, and Minneapolis,

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reform has triumphed. But without a radical change of municipal government the triumph will be short. The victory won and the effort spent, honest citizens will return to their business, and the rogues will return to theirs. A great city cannot be run with a village organization. The business is too onerous and complicated. The citizens are too little known to each other to act generally in concert or exercise a collective choice. A demagogic government, always going for reelection, can have no settled policy or foresight. What bank, what great commercial concern, could prosper under such administration? The adoption of a skilled, stable and really responsible administration, in place of the demagogic and ephemeral system, is the indispensable condition of a permanent reform. That effort sooner or later will have to be made. Washington has shown the way. Galveston is following and, we are assured, with the best results.

The statistics of homicide are ominous, and seem to imply a growing spirit of violence and contempt of law. The list is, of course, swelled by lynchings, and lynching is Southern. But it has shown a tendency to spread Northwards. Local character, such as that for which Kentucky is proverbial, may also go for a good deal. Still there must be a weakness of government and a failure of respect for law. It may be partly because the judiciary is elective, though the elections appear generally to be good, that the judges seem not to have sufficient control of their courts. Of judicial corruption, such as prevailed in the days of Barnard and Cardozo, no suspicion seems now to prevail. But wealth appears still to have too good a chance of escaping the penalties of crime by the lavish purchase of chicane.

It is a change to be noted, as one which entails liabilities and possibly perils, that the American Republic has of late been becoming a war power. A singular effect of this on national character is seen in the development of flag-worship, which would have filled the soul of Jefferson with dismay. For wrapping up some goods in the sacred bunting a peddler is prosecuted, while the policeman who arrested him receives a decoration. Circumstances have changed, and it is difficult to see how far the necessity of arming and cultivating the war spirit may go. That there would be war with Japan about the exclusion of Japanese children from Californian schools was not likely. But Japan is there, and with China in her train. Her ambition has evidently

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been awakened. She wants room for expansion. She has already a foot on the Pacific coast of this continent. The Panama Canal will not be open for American ships of war at all events in less than ten years. Did Lord Lansdowne, when, by his treaty with Japan, he practically encouraged her to fly at the throat of Russia, foresee the consequences of his diplomacy to this continent and to India? Was he not like Carlyle's canary-bird in the show, that, with a match in its beak, fired a cannon?

An American citizen, when surprise was expressed at the absence on the part of his people of any expression of sympathy with the Boers' struggle for independence, replied: "The blood of the Filipinos choked us." Foreign conquest, followed by territorial aggrandizement and domination over a subject race, represented a startling departure from the principles of the Jeffersonian Republic. The purchase of Alaska was a natural application of that article of the Monroe Doctrine which bars European colonization. An alternative plan, proposed at the time in the case of Hawaii, was the neutralization of the islands under the guarantee of the Great Powers as an international port of call. Aggrandizement, in this case, won the day. In the cases of Santo Domingo and St. Thomas, the tradition of moderation prevailed. A very eminent member of the Republican party, J. M. Forbes, of Massachusetts, is recorded as saying that the war with Spain was made to keep a party in power. No other cause, certainly, does a perusal of the diplomatic correspondence reveal. Spain surrenders everything but her honor; while, on the question of the "Maine," she tenders arbitration, which is tacitly refused. The war spirit was fired and, with it, the passion for aggrandizement. The people shouted for keeping all it had got. Journals held imperial language. President McKinley said that, in annexing the Filipinos, "Duty was taking the hand of Destiny." The rest all know, and the consequences of domination over weaker races to national character and sentiment are everywhere the same.

Discussion of the negro question has become wearisome and almost hopeless. In its present state, that question is the monument of the headlong philanthropy, not untainted by party passion, of the public men into whose hands, by the fatal murder of Lincoln, the work of reconstruction was thrown. Had the Government of the United States been national, as there was an

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opportunity for making it after the defeat of Secession, the negro might have been constituted a ward of the State, without political power, but protected by the nation in his personal and political rights. The interposition of some white race free from the Southern antipathy to the negro, as a mediating and reconciling power, is a solution which seems to commend itself to Mr. Booker Washington, the wisest friend of the negro. But there would hardly be sufficient security against the union of the imported race with the Southern whites and the perpetuation of the antagonism perhaps in an aggravated form. At the commencement of the Civil War, some of us in England, ardent foes of slavery and friends of the Republic, hung back, not only from unwillingness to bear a part in the kindling of civil war, but because we could not help doubting whether it would be possible or wise to reincorporate States radically differing from the North in their social structure and, consequently, in political character and aptitude. The result has too well justified our hesitation.

In a notice of Chief-Justice Clark's pamphlet on "The Defects of the American Constitution" some time ago, attention was called to the changes for the worse which "Time, the great innovator," had been making in the American Constitution, while "man had been doing nothing to change for the better"; the operation of constitutional amendment being very difficult in itself and rendered practically impossible by party. From the House of Representatives, which was intended, no doubt, by the framers of the Constitution to be the special organ of the people's will, power, by a combination of influences which the framers of the Constitution could not foresee, has been transferred to the Senate. At the same time, the disproportion of population between the States has become such that the Senate can no longer be deemed anything like a representation of the people. What now is the character of the assembly in which power is vested? Lowell long ago could speak of the Senate as "that secret and irresponsible club which governed the country for its own private benefit." Mr. Ostrogorski, in his work on "Democracy and the Organization of Political Parties," the fair and painstaking character of which so far as relates to England I can attest, says:

"The Senate of the United States no longer has any resemblance to that august assembly which provoked the admiration of the Tocquevilles. It

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would be no use looking for the foremost men of the nation there; neither statesmen nor orators are to be found in it. In wisdom, in balance, in dignity, the States' chamber is far inferior to the popular branch of Congress. The Senate no longer acts as a conservative element, as a brake for checking popular impulses, for moderating heedless ardor; on the contrary, it is this assembly which often gives the signal for extravagant conduct either in financial matters or in the sphere of foreign politics. The Senate is, for the most part, filled with men of mediocre or no political intelligence, some of whom, extremely wealthy, multi-millionaires, look on the Senatorial dignity as a title for ennobling their well or ill gotten riches; others, crack wire-pullers, State bosses, or representatives of large private industrial or financial concerns, find the Senate a convenient base of operations for their intrigues and their designs on the public interest; others, again, without convictions or without definite or well-matured ideas, but sensitive to every breath of public opinion and fond of vulgar popularity, act as the noisy mouthpieces of every movement which flatters the susceptibilities of the crowd. They represent everything save enlightened opinion, to which they do not pay the slightest heed."*

This is strong censure, yet it is not stronger than may be heard in private conversation, or than is really implied in the word "stand-pat" used to describe the policy of the Senate.

Attention was called in the same article to the effect of the system of Montesquieu adopted by the framers of the Constitution, which, by strictly separating the executive from the legislative, greatly interferes with the training of a school of statesmen. For a President you have to go to the platform; and he, when elected, has to go to the Bar or the business world for his Cabinet. Any great question, such as that of the relations, present or future, between Canada and the United States, has no one to take it up, nor can any continuity of aim be discerned in the policy of the Washington Government. The President, on the expiration of his term, goes out of public life. Fortunately, so far as administration apart from general policy is concerned, the supply of statesmen is abundant.

One consequence of these defects in the Constitution, perhaps, is the tendency alleged, though not very marked, to encroachment on the part of the President, which would be a bad mode of supplying the need.

Of all the perils, however, which beset American democracy, the greatest and the one which, unless it can be averted, will be

* Vol. ii, p. 542.

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fatal—is the division of the nation into two organized factions, waging for power and place a perpetual war of intrigue, vituperation and corruption. In the case of the disputed election for the Presidency between the parties of Tilden and Hayes, civil war itself seemed at hand, though no vital principle of government, but only the possession of power and patronage, was immediately at stake. Anything like a real division of principle—such as that which in England, the cradle of the party system, existed between the party of the Stuarts and that of the Hanoverians—cannot since the abolition of slavery be traced in the United States. Platforms are made up before Presidential elections like a merchant's advertisements of goods to suit the taste of the hour. The country is kept constantly under the malign influence of bosses perpetually active in their work of intrigue and corruption. The expenditure at elections which outvies the cost of monarchies, though it implies wide-spread corruption, is far from being the greatest part of the evil. To the independence of public men and their loyalty to the commonwealth, party bondage is fatal. A signal proof of this is the pension list, of which no one seems to doubt the character, but against which no one dares to say a word. The other day a vast addition was made to it in the shape of pensions for service only. In private you hear the truth about this measure; yet, not only was there no division in either House, but not a single voice was raised against the measure. Neither party dares to run the risk of losing a sectional vote, which is thus enabled to work its will in a land of freemen. Seeing this, one feels almost inclined to exclaim that the handwriting is on the wall. It unquestionably is, unless the yoke of organized faction can be broken and the allegiance of the people can be restored to the commonwealth.

The Republic, in the coming time, seems likely to have many occasions for calling on the patriotism and wisdom of her citizens. Recent events have shown that she has a large reserve of both qualities to answer to her call.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

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THE ART OF LONGFELLOW.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

When you have said Art, you have somehow promised yourself to say what you mean by Art, and to try bringing who hear you to an agreement with you. I suggest, as a compromise of tacit differences, that we call art Mastery, the power of overcoming whatever parts him who says or does a beautiful thing from him who hears or sees it done, and joining them in the love and joy of it. The poet has nothing to tell, except from what is actually or potentially common to the race. He will realize, so far as his process is conscious, that the thing in which any one thinks himself singular is the thing by which he is one with all other men, that the personal within is the universal without. This courage in frankly trusting the personal as the universal, is what made Longfellow not only sovereign of more hearts than any other poet of his generation, and more than any other poet who has lived, but now, on the hundredth anniversary after his birth, when a generation has passed since his death, has established him a master of such high degree that one who loves his fame may well be content without caring to ascertain precisely his place among the other masters.

Such an inquiry seems to me so futile in every instance, and in this instance it could only be a disturbance of preferences. These are indeed no standards of value, but preferences are always respectable, for they are sincere; prejudice itself must be tenderly handled, if not respected; and we must be patient of the exceptional misliking which is the necessary antithesis of liking; but which is no more a criticism than the liking. With Longfellow, it has had its way in making a certain early poem of his stand for his whole work, though, viewed with regard to the prevalent motive

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and objective of his work, this poem is almost the least representative even of his earlier pieces. "A Psalm of Life," abounding in echoes from his reading and obeying an inherited rather than inherent ethical ideal, is of nearly equal date with the "Hymn to the Night," which is as absolutely poetic, on its level, whatever one chooses to think that level is, as Milton's "Lycidas," or Keats's "Ode to Melancholy" or Tennyson's "Tithonus," and is truly the dominant of that various music in which the painted panes of mediæval churches and the painted leaves of primæval forests alike thrill. Yet, if Longfellow's music had been all in that key, he would not have been the consoler of the multitudes who hid his words in their hearts, and who counted him one with themselves.

He seems to have been always a man who felt very, very simply, and he spoke as simply as he felt. There is much, perhaps the most, to intimate that he did not think aside from the majority of his fellow men; and, if he went beyond them, it was with a clear lamp held so patiently aloft, and made to throw its light so broadly on their steps, that when they came up with him they could not believe they had ever doubted of the way. The secret of his immense favor, if we look for it apart from his singleness of soul, will be found in the fact that he was so deeply, so entirely, of his time and place in his most imaginative work. His very love of what was old, and strange and far affirmed him citizen of a country where he dwelt perforce amidst what was new, and known and near. He is the most literary of our poets; but to him literature was of one substance with nature, and he transmuted his sense of it into beauty by the same art, by which he transmuted to beauty the look of the familiar landscape, the feel of the native air, the scent of the mother earth. But he did not go to literature or to nature, and he did not come again from either, without a serious sense of what he owed to the world about him. If there was a meaning in a page read or a day lived, which could teach or help, Longfellow must impart it to his verse. This duteous tendency becomes conscious in his poem of "The Singers," where the "youth with soul of fire," and the "man with bearded face" singing in the market-place, and the gray minstrel, chanting in "cathedrals dim and vast," contend in the rivalry which was the allegory of his own subjective struggle.

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"And those who heard the singers three
Disputed which the best might be;
For still their music seemed to start
Discordant echoes in the heart.

"But the great Master said, 'I see
No best in kind, but in degree.
I give a various gift to each,
To charm, to strengthen and to teach.

"'These are the three great chords of might,
And he whose ear is tuned aright,
Will hear no discord in the three,
But the most perfect harmony.'"

This was the ideal of that New England mind which flowered into the beauty of the New England life in those happy years before the great Civil War, when men thought they had found the promise of all good in the lasting peace which was to be the solvent of every grief and every fear. The hard old creeds had softened from duty to God into duty to man; the affirmation of justice in the Judge of all the earth had become the affirmation of love among men. The same strain heard ethically in Longfellow is heard mystically in Emerson, humorously in Lowell, lyrically in Whittier. Not to have somehow rendered allegiance to that ideal of New England, would have been for any poet of New England exile and suicide; such a poet would have been dateless and homeless. The art that did not strengthen, and that did not teach, was the art that did not charm, and that formed the only discord.

But, like other rules drawn from practice, the rule laid down in "The Singers" was not the rule that always, or that oftenest, governed Longfellow in his poetry. The formulation of any faith in a creed is the beginning of question, and when Longfellow declared himself in behalf of the art which strengthens and teaches his own art was becoming more and more the art that charms. Perhaps he had remotely and obscurely felt this; from time to time he may have had a bad conscience in the delight of beauty alone, and wished to make his peace with the ideal of his time and place. The conjecture becomes fantastic if we push it; but it is interesting to note how, in certain of his most popular poems, which are often his best, the ethical strain seems an afterthought, and the moral is as plainly a tag as any text

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coming out of the mouth of a saint in an archaic picture. "The Village Blacksmith" is entirely a poem, if you leave off the needless last two stanzas in which it becomes a homily. The like may be said of "The Norman Baron"; "The Fire of Driftwood" charms solely till you come to the last stanza. Other familiar pieces have the same excellence and the same defect. The "Excelsior" is frankly an allegory, though it moves, if any one will read it simply, like a veritable passage of the human story. Many poems, like "The Belfry of Bruges," are each a blend of that which charms with that which teaches or strengthens. At the same time that Longfellow was writing such pieces, which, however we love them for their essential beauty and however dear we hold them because they have become part of ourselves, we must feel are hurt artistically by the open ethical endeavor in them; he was writing other pieces, as popular, which are without alloy of sermoning, which are pure singing, pure imagining. Take "The Burial of the Minnesink," simple, fine, absolute; "The Skeleton in Armor," a picturesque dramatization of the most shadowy of suggestions; "The Slave's Dream," with its glorious pageantry; "The Quadroon Girl," in restraint of its insurpassable pathos; and you shall seek in vain for any trace of preaching.

Longfellow's talent was graced by a scholarship so hospitably responsive to the appeal of what was beautiful, in any aspect of literature or of nature, that we are continually tempted to forget how deeply Puritan he was by race and tradition, and how, when he withdrew from the thought of the pleasant things he had seen in many lands and read in many languages, it must have been to find himself, as it were, in a silent chamber darkened by the shadow of the ancestral wilderness, and very remote from the gayety of Spanish suns and the warmth of German stoves. We hardly realize how very introspective he was, and how much given, in the old Puritanic fashion, to self-question, to the interrogation of his motives, and to the judgment of his actions. Of all our poets, he had lived most in the world, both at home and abroad, and, until such a sorrow as comes to few sequestered him for a time, he lived rather constantly in it; he harmlessly and wisely enjoyed it; yet, again and again, he turned from it to ask his soul of that other and greater world within, which in some hour every man frequents with joy or fear. There is no token of belief in any state of expiation or fruition in these questionings; yet

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in such poems as "Mezzo Cammin," "Epimetheus," "Prometheus," "Victor and Vanquished," "Memories," which I name not meaning to leave out others, and meaning above all to include his great and beautiful "Morituri Salutamus," he confesses himself, and invokes upon his sin of commission or omission whatever penance seems just, or else gives himself absolution as part of the inevitable and the involuntary in the cosmic frame. In other words, his art was essentially religious art, as religious as Dante's, as Milton's, as Wordsworth's.

It has been with surprise, in my latest reading of his verse, that I have seen how intensely Longfellow has said himself in the intimate things in which a man may say himself without shame. These are pure utterances of personal feeling, but their effect is in that high ether where the personal is sensible of mergence in the universal, purified of what is transient, impermanent, extrinsic. It has been noted that, among all his poems, there is only one that may be called a love poem; but a great many of them are poems of feeling such as comes before passion, and endures with it and remains after it, and is the clear note of supreme song, in which childhood and manhood and age find themselves joined. It is among these poems of pure feeling, personal, universal, eternal, that Longfellow's art wholly frees itself from the sense not only of technic, of material, but of ethical purpose. As you read poems like the "Hymn to the Night," "The Two Angels," "My Lost Youth," the group of sonnets called "Three Friends of Mine," "My Books," "A Nameless Grave" and, above all, "Changed," you are pierced with that anguish

"Whose balsam never grew,"

yet you are consoled only and taught only by the common pathos in which your peculiar pang is lost. "The Bridge," so well known, and "The Bridge of Cloud," which merits to be so well known, both in their different, but not very different, sorts, quite absolutely appeal, and the one in its human sympathy is not simpler and clearer than the other in its expression of an artistic mood. If we are always asking this poetic effect to be something apparently unqualified by striving and wholly released from circumstancing and conditioning, I think we have our desire in the pure emotion of "Aftermath."

"When the summer fields are mown,
When the birds are fledged and flown,

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And the dry leaves strew the path;
With the falling of the snow,
With the cawing of the crow,
Once again the fields we mow,
And gather in the aftermath.

"Not the sweet new grass with flowers
Is this harvesting of ours;
Not the upland clover bloom;
But the rowen mixt with weeds,
Tangled tufts from marsh and meads,
Where the poppy drops its seeds
In the silence and the gloom."

The pathos of this cannot be more apparent to age than to youth; it is the pathos of mortality by which our life is haunted from beginning to end; and youth foreknows it, as fully as age knows it. It is mastered here in an effect so self-contained, so completed, so poised, that a syllable more or a syllable less would disturb its delicate balance. A poet is not only imaginative for what he does, but for what he makes us do, for the imagination which he creates in us, and Longfellow has this magic power upon us in a score of pieces, in a hundred passages, through a sort of spiritual intimacy, which owns us close akin, whether we are young or old, great or mean, so only we are mortal; and which, in some lines of his written when he was an ageing man near his death, constrains us with wonderful self-restraint through the common experience.

"Four by the clock and not yet day;
But the great world rolls and wheels away,
With its cities on land, and its ships at sea,
Into the dawn that is to be!

"Only the lamp in the anchored bark
Sends its glimmer across the dark,
And the heavy breathing of the sea
Is the only sound that comes to me."

This brief sigh of lonely patience is of imaginative force not only to bring us within the circle of the poet's consciousness, but to make each of us its centre. It is on the face of it mere statement, mere recognition, but it is the finest art; the power of imparting emotion, unhindered by apparent effort, can have no effect beyond it.

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I should like to quote from the sonnets called "Three Friends of Mine," that one on Agassiz, but I cannot do so without fear that the context will give an undue sense of what was the more moving in Longfellow's verse because his dominant mood was so far from despondent.

"I stand again on the familiar shore,
And hear the waves of the distracted sea
Piteously calling and lamenting thee,
And waiting restless at thy cottage door.
The rocks, the seaweed on the ocean's floor,
The willows in the meadow and the free,
Wild winds of the Atlantic welcome me;
Then why shouldst thou be dead and come no more?
Ah, why shouldst thou be dead, when common men
Are busy with their trivial affairs,
Having and holding? Why, when thou hadst read
Nature's mysterious manuscript and then
Wast ready to reveal the truth it bears,
Why art thou silent? Why shouldst thou be dead?"

It is as if the eternal primitive in Agassiz called to the eternal primitive in Longfellow, and he could not help responding in the simplicity of this touching lament. It is something very timeless, very placeless, unless you choose to say it is of any time and any place. The gray Homeric head, lifted in pathetic interrogation of the pale sky of the Nahant shore, might convertibly, in the unchanging round of human experience, seem challenging the same dumb mystery beside the Chian strand. After all the centuries of the race's story; after the optimistic faith of the man, and his many resolute affirmations of a meaning beyond the meaningless, the long-hoping spirit is clouded in the doubt which comes to each in his turn, and the poet implores the friend he has lost, as if they were parted in the earliest dawn of the world:

"Why art thou silent? Why shouldst thou be dead?"

Simplicity, though I have used it so often, is not quite the word for the condition of Longfellow's art. If ever the artist was unconscious, he cannot be so now, after the innumerable generations of conscious men; but he can still be unaffected, and Longfellow was, above everything and before everything, unaffected. His sincerity was without these alloys of motive, those grudges and vanities which debase and limit our universality and dwarf

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us from men to individuals. He had always imagined in his loyalty to his native air, a sort of duty he had to give his country, a poem which should be not only worthily, but distinctively American, and such a poem he did give her in the "Evangeline." He gave it on his own terms, of course, and this most American, and hitherto first American, poem of anything like epic measure, remains without al, without a companion.

The poet's art in mere story-telling is admirably structural in it; he builds strongly and symmetrically, as he always does, though sometimes the decoration with which he heaps the classic frame distracts us from the delight of its finely felt proportion. Here again he is entirely unaffected, while being as far from simplicity as convention itself can go. The characters are not persons, but types: the lovers, the old fathers, the notary, the village priest, the neighbors one and all, are types like the figures in little eighteenth-century tales, or the older-fashioned operas. But the poet brings to them his tender sense of their most moving story, and he so adds his own genuine nature to theirs that they live as truly and strongly as if they had each been studied from people of the real world, to an effect of such heartache in the witness as is without its like in poetry.

By an instinct which never failed him in mere technic, he chose a form of verse which other poets had successively rendered more and more repulsive to the English ear, and he so endeared it to the sense that it remains inseparable from the story and the pathos of the story. As unerringly as he employed the dactyls and spondees of the "Evangeline," he employed the trochees of the "Hiawatha," and made his reader as fully at home in the one measure as in the other. That somewhat of primitive, of elemental, in him, always consistent with his scholarship and his gentle worldliness, lent itself to the need of the wild legends, and realized them to the imagination of an alien age and race through an art entirely frank in its mannerisms. An epic of our Indian life could not have been possible without the consciousness with which the poet so unaffectedly approached it, and he boldly availed himself of the reliefs to the seriousness of his theme with which the quaint and whimsical, the childish, quality of savage fancy had invested its episodes. Yet his freedom did not infringe in these; by their means it emancipated the more

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to their due effect the main incidents which are originally and ultimately of epic solemnity. His art was creatively at work before the work visibly began; and without a prescience of the fittest ways and means, it could not have embodied itself in the beauty it invented.

I feel the same concerning the "Evangeline," and concerning "The Courtship of Miles Standish" and "The Tales of a Wayside Inn," and the many and many tales and stories and anecdotes and allegories, from every region of his wide reading, with which the poet's all-pervading and ever-kindling interest made so much human association a part of his own life and of ours.

In the beginning, and at times after the beginning, he perhaps — but I am not sure of this — loved best the tale which would teach something, or would turn in the telling into a parable. But more and more, as time passed and eternity approached, he seemed to choose or to be chosen by the passages of experience or the plays of fancy which invited no exegesis, and scarcely suffered any, but which were enough in themselves for any occasion of the reader's profit or pleasure.

"The Courtship of Miles Standish" is such a story and in its lower level of comedy is of a perfection which the "Evangeline" does not always keep on its heights of tragedy. It is as humorously as that is pathetically imagined, and in the handling of the same verse it shows more of what is like native ease and colloquial habit. It does not matter, for the poetic verity, whether the original anecdote is questionable or not; but it matters everything that an image of a little remote and very simple world, broke off from the English stony, and stranded on our wild New England shore, should take us with a sweet enchanting probability far beyond any force of fact.

It is in an advance beyond the "Evangeline" that the people of the "Miles Standish" tend to be more of characters and less of types, though so typical, so universal, so eternal in their personal relation that no lovers of any time could fail to read themselves into the hero and heroine.

Like the "Evangeline" and the "Hiawatha" it has the unity of design which is wanting to "The Tales of a Wayside Inn," where the pictures are set successively in such a frame as many artists have used before, each having to make its

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effect with the spectator, unaided by strong common relation. But what charming pictures they are, how good every one in its way! "Paul Revere's Ride," "King Robert of Sicily," "The Saga of King Olaf," "The Birds of Killingworth," "The Bell of Atri," "Lady Wentworth," "The Baron of St. Castine," "Elizabeth," "The Rhyme of Sir Christopher"; what life do not these dear names stir within that death which each of us becomes who has outlived his youth! The poet tells again some strange or familiar story, something far-brought in date or place from the reaches of his measureless reading, or found in the memories of his first years, and each story takes his quality, and renews or matures itself at his touch. It has been noted to me by a friend whose critical sense is of one kind with his poetic insight, how whatever Longfellow said became his own in that unmistakable voice of his, which, when you heard it, left you in no doubt who was speaking, no matter who had spoken the like thing before. If one must not say that his voice is more distinctly heard in those poetic tales than in his larger utterances, one feels a peculiar pleasure in its sound there, such as no other story-teller's has, charm never so sweetly, so wisely.

I have sometimes been ready to say that Longfellow was likest himself in these most lovable moments; but I have found that in every master excellence is more varied than we are apt to fancy it: and so I cannot say more than that these things are very like him.

There is a fine aoristic quality in them, so that in his verse the sinking of the "Cumberland" by the Confederate ironclad in Hampton Roads becomes an event of one poetic contemporaneity with any event of the remotest time or place which takes his fancy or kindles his feeling.

This aoristic quality, you might contend, was his invention, his most original contribution; but then what shall you say of the delicate impressionism of some such a piece as "Afternoon in February," a picture all in delicate gray tones, but as like nature as anything you could look at out of your window? Or what of that brave delight in the "Lines to an Old Danish Song Book?" Or of the gentle, compassionate dejection in the exquisite poem called "Weariness"? Or of the descriptions and characterizations in "Evangeline"? Or of the perfect poselessness of the sonnets,

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one and all? Or of the wild melancholy thrill in "My Lost Youth"? Or of the subtle analysis of quiet waiting for the poetic impulse in the lines called "Becalmed"? They are all alike like Longfellow. Some one else might have written them perhaps; but I believe not.

Longfellow wished above everything to be true; and the constant pressure of his genius was towards clarifying his emotion and simplifying his word. He must choose in the end rather to be with the Greeks than with the Goths in building the lofty rhyme, and in the architecture of his later period he gave us oftener the repose of the temple than the aspiration of the minster. A certain sculptural bareness which one feels, at times, is perhaps the farthest reach of this tendency. When the critic and poet, already cited, said as we talked in our equal love of Longfellow, "Every now and then I come upon a verse in him which is a line of prose," I could not deny it. Of course, Longfellow wrote prose in the form of verse, and so did Tennyson, and so did Milton, and so, too, did Wordsworth, and Byron and Shelley, and Browning, and Emerson. Shakespeare himself wrote quantities of prose in rhythmical shape, and very often not even his own prose. I think that the prose of Longfellow's verse in his later period was the effect of much-questioned and long-meditated art. He felt that it did not matter whether he cast his thought in rhythm, or after the usage of the Elizabethan drama let it go without modulation.

In his earlier work, as in his earlier taste, he was very Romantic, or to use an apter word, Gothic; but he became more and more Hellenic. It will be interesting for those who are interested in this point, to contrast his earliest dramatic piece, "The Spanish Student," with the later, and almost latest, attempts in that form, "The New England Tragedies." In the first, Chispa and Baltasar speak their drolleries in unmodulated prose, as Shakespeare's clowns do; in the last Kempthorn and Butter express themselves in the blank verse which the poet subdues to the occasions of their level.

But the whole is of a simplicity in the words which the passion of the drama lifts out of vulgar associations. Say what we will of the inadequacy of these dramas as we imagine them across the footlights, there can hardly be just question of their high solemnity, their sombre and serious beauty. Longfellow would not have been

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Longfellow if he had not wished to touch our hearts in them, not only as men, but also as fellow men, and have us feel the ache which wrings the soul in the presence of mistaken or unjust suffering a thousand years ago with a grief as fresh and keen as that in which we read ourselves into the martyr who died yesterday. The fact that the pieces are not theatricable does not of itself impeach their dramatic quality, and I do not know that the poet could have given them any narrative shape without loss to the beauty, in which they were imagined. As they show in his final disposition, the New England Tragedies form the climax of the larger dramatic whole which he called "Christus: A Mystery," and in which he, perhaps too arbitrarily, assembles with them "The Divine Tragedy" and "The Golden Legend." The poet's design is clear enough, and each part is firmly wrought, but the parts are *welded,* not *fused,* together. In "The Golden Legend," his love of the humor and pathos of old Germanic and Latin lands, where the generous American of his day so fondly dwelt, plays so long that the fancy wearies a little; and the meaning of the fable more nebulously than his wont.

He is more truly, with all his love of the mediæval past, at home in his native air, and the "New England Tragedies" are more convincing than either of the other parts. "The Divine Tragedy" is, in fact, the story of Christ dialogized from the different Gospels, with an occasional light of legend cast sparingly and skilfully upon it. The curious interest of noting how wonderfully at the artist's touch the very words of the Evangelists fall into rhythmical order, and breathe a music not imagined in them before, takes the mind too often from the larger intention of the work.

Unquestionably, it is the triumph of his skyey spirit, but æsthetically the trilogy falls into a place below his highest level, with lifts at moments to that level.

Of course in speaking of Longfellow's art one does not speak of craftsmanship, of technic; that is as insensibly present as the air we breathe; and there are other traits of his mastery to which he so accustoms us that we are scarcely more conscious of them. In his mind there was a perfect clearness, and in his verse there is never the clouded word which embodies the clouded thought. All is limpid which flows from that source, whether

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the current sparkles over shallows in the gayety which was sometimes his mood, or flows into the sunny or shadowy depths, where the light and dark are alike transparent. His spirit took the whole normal, simple, universal humanity into its embrace, and his art was like it. He did not love metaphysical subtleties or analytical scrutinies; the telescope that brought the heavens near to the homes of man might be in his hand, but not the microscope that revealed the morbid motion of their hearts. Such characters as he painted were typical, whether they were imaginary studies or were the accepted portraits of people far in time or space thronging his memory from his world-wide acquaintance with literature, and asking for some moment of the *dolce lomo* of his verse. To the mind's eye he presents himself like one of these: a large, sincere and unaffected presence, full of a kindness stayed by gentle dignity.

No poet uttered more perfectly what was characteristically best in his own time and none ever informed that time more perfectly with the good and the truth which were in himself. In his deep sense of his responsibility to something beyond and above the finest hedonism he stood with some of the greatest poets. If he was ethical, so was Dante, so was Milton, so was Goethe, so was Shakespeare himself when he was writing "Macbeth" and "Hamlet"; so is the supreme genius of fiction, that Tolstoy who has but now accused Shakespeare of being, as Emerson said of him, "after all, only the *master* of the revels." It is not necessary to compare Longfellow with these poets in order to ascertain the balance between the ethical and the æsthetic in him.

I will only say for myself that I find the pieces in which he charms and teaches far outnumbering those in which he teaches and charms; that first he is an artist and then a moralist. It was so from the beginning; but there was recurrently with these two kinds a middle species, in which he lapsed from the lyric to the didactic; and, though the lyrical prevailed with him more and more, the very last of the poems which he is known to have written, "The Bells of San Blas," returns to the explicit intentionality of some of his earlier pieces, while it is characteristically graced with that tender feeling for the past, for the alien, in which error and truth are reconciled and the consolation flows from their reconcilement.

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"Even as rivulets twain, from distant and separate sources,
Seeing each other afar, as they leap from the rocks, and pursuing
Each its different path, but drawing nearer and near,
Rush together at last,"—

These different strains of the poet's art meet in his dying song, as they meet in no other song, and flow together into the evening sky beyond which we know there is night, and beyond which we hope there is morning.

W. D. HOWELLS.

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REMAINING CAUSES OF INDIAN DISCONTENT.

BY JOHN M. OSKISON.

WHEN the White River Utes left their reservation in Utah recently in angry protest against the Government's allotment of their land, they attracted attention to a vanishing type of discontented Indian.

Only one big distinctively Indian problem—the distribution of Indian Trust and Treaty Funds—remains to be settled by Congress. Others, such as irrigation for arid and semi-arid lands occupied by the tribes, the menace of tuberculosis, the supplying of good day-schools, the blight of the liquor traffic, and the overreaching arm of the speculator in oil, mineral and grazing lands, are in some measure the problems of all the West. Continued urging by the Indian Office and the friends of Indian progress is resulting in a merger of the tribesman with his white neighbors and a sinking of the reservation problem in the community problem. Nine out of ten "reservation" Indians are self-supporting. Five of these nine are working in competition with white laborers, mechanics, farmers and stock-raisers of the West. The other four are doing work, more or less well, provided by the Government in place of pauperizing rations. Except for the children in Government schools, and the old, sick and infirm, few Indians now live on the direct bounty of Congress.

The Indian as a landholder is familiar, but as a capitalist he is not so well known. Yet there is in the United States Treasury to the credit of some 53,000 Indians of sixty tribes more than $35,000,000. Nearly all of this is in the form of Trust Funds, held, in varying amounts, for these tribes, only the interest being paid from year to year. The money has come from the sale of land from time to time.

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When the land allotment law was passed, in 1887, it was bitterly opposed by the tribes. Later, it became a popular measure with the progressive Indians who were ambitious to distinguish themselves as individuals. This ambitious Indian wants the Trust Funds segregated so that they may be paid, in proportionate share, to every individual who is qualified to use his share. Next to the Dawes allotment law of 1887, this legislation will do most to break up the old communal life that has been nursed by the Government's reservation policy. Holding vast areas of land "in common," with no opportunity to secure private ownership, made the Indians feel as if they were heirs to an estate in chancery. There was no incentive to develop a community-holding; reservations were leased to cattlemen and farmers who had no interest in their ultimate improvement. Upon the allotment of tribal lands, this prop is knocked from under the Indian: the problem of getting a living becomes a personal problem.

That other prop, the tribal fund, should be removed. To illustrate: So long as a member of the Osage tribe knows that he is one of 2,000 heirs to a fund of $8,360,000, and that his proportionate share of interest at five per cent. on this tribal fund will be paid to him regularly, he feels no spur to become a producing member of his community. If it were permitted, however, to set aside Frank Corndropper's share of the $8,360,000 and pay it over when he could convince the Government that he is qualified to use it, Frank Corndropper would bestir himself. His example would be followed by Fred Labadie, and by Black Eagle, and by others, until every separate account between the United States Treasury and the Osage Indians would be closed out. Until that is done, no Osage can be made to realize that he is a competitor of the white man in any vital sense.

Legislation designed to segregate Indian funds has been urged upon Congress for years. At Washington, however, the fear of opening a way for exploiters of the Indians has blocked this needed measure. The conscience of their guardian is as tender towards these wards now as it once was lethargic. Last year Representative Lacey of the House Committee on Indian Affairs introduced a bill into Congress authorizing the President in his discretion to allot tribal funds and open separate accounts with individuals. The bill was amended in the Senate to allow the President to designate individuals of a tribe who had shown

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the capacity to use money wisely, as allottees of tribal funds. But this would leave a common fund to be divided later, and would not meet the views of the Indians' well-wishers. Unsatisfactory as the amended bill was, however, the Indian Office urged it as a first step. But the measure failed of enactment.

Certain "Treaty" funds, derived usually from "agreements to be good," the income from which is available, but the principal of which has never been appropriated by Congress, should also be capitalized and segregated. Periodical payments of interest on these funds, usually in trifling sums, serve to remind the Indian that he is still a dependent. For example, the Oneidas of Wisconsin, more than two thousand in number, are entitled to the annual payment of $1,000. The majority of them are farmers. They live well, in neat houses, and their children are at school. In no way do they require the material help of the Government. Yet once a year the whole tribe is called away from home to draw forty-eight cents apiece!

Whether the yearly dole be forty-eight cents, interest on a Treaty Fund, or $350, earned by the large Osage Trust Fund, the objection to it holds. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs has clearly indicated that as long as tribal funds remain undivided "the Government has no way of setting free and closing the door behind any Indian who is able fully to care for his own." That the way back to idleness and dependence should be left open is a legitimate cause for complaint among the modern Indians.

Of the fifty-one and a half millions of acres of land occupied by the "reservation" Indians, nearly thirty-two millions lie within the States and Territories of Arizona, New Mexico, California, Nevada, Utah, Oregon, Idaho, Wyoming and Montana. Ten and a half millions more are included in the Dakotas. In all these eleven States and Territories irrigation is a vital subject, and in most it is counted upon to make whatever future lies before them. Nearly seventeen millions of acres of Arizona's huge area are owned by Indians; not one acre in a thousand is arable without water. The same is true of the million seven hundred thousand acres of Indian land in New Mexico. Most of the seven and a half millions of acres held by the Montana tribes will not be productive without irrigation. Idaho's nine hundred and fifty thousand acres, and Wyoming's million seven hundred and fifty thousand acres of tribal holdings are mainly arid

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and semi-arid. The ten millions of acres in the Dakotas include great tracts of drought-smitten land. How vital, therefore, to the modern, progressive Indian a vigorous irrigation policy is can be understood from these figures.

The white man with whom the Indian must expect to compete in the West is having his irrigation needs attended to by the Government; the Reclamation Service is working at top speed, hampered only by the difficulty of getting workmen, and its plans are enlarging marvellously. But the Reclamation Service has nothing to do with putting water on Indian lands except in a half-dozen instances where a part of a reservation happens to fall within a big project. To the Indian Office is left the task of making arid Indian lands productive, and the Indian Office is severely handicapped for the task. Until two years ago only Indian funds could be used to construct irrigation works; last year and the year before Congress appropriated $185,000 "for construction of ditches and reservoirs, purchase and use of irrigation tools and appliances, and purchase of water rights on reservations." The sum is a paltry one. It will all be needed to outfit surveyors and to "begin to get ready to dig."

Thus far the Government's work in supplying water to the reservations has been of a haphazard character. It has been undertaken, not primarily to make the cactus desert and the sage-brush plain blossom, but to provide work for able-bodied Indians in lieu of rations. Whole systems built under this policy have been swept away by floods. In the cases of the Mission Indians of California and the Pimas of Arizona, the Indian Office has not been able even to protect the tribesmen in their use of water that had been theirs for years. White settlers above the reservations calmly appropriated the flow that had made the Mission Indians and the Pimas prosperous and self-supporting, and the Indian Office saw these people beggared. With the best intentions in the world, the Indian Office can make only the weakest showing with its own Reclamation Service. In the last report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, eleven separate projects for putting water on reservations are described; in but a single instance was it possible to record more than the merest beginning.

Seven years ago the agent for the Pine Ridge Sioux in South Dakota reported that the annual average death-rate on the reservation was fifty-two per thousand. Last year, Dr. J. R. Walker,

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one of the two agency physicians, reported that this rate had been reduced to thirty-two per thousand. The difference represents a saving due to Dr. Walker's long campaign against ignorance of sanitary laws. So successful has this campaign been that last year the Indians themselves collected all but a small fraction of the money needed to publish in their native Dakotah language a pamphlet describing a clean, well-regulated home, and instructing home-builders in drainage and ventilation.

The change from tepee to cabin has cost scores of lives, and is likely to cost thousands more. The old Indian camp was frequently changed; the wind blowing through the tents counteracted the effects of lax sanitation. When the cabin was built and the permanent home on the allotment established, the Indian did not realize the necessity for changing his habits of life. Filthy, overcrowded, overhot shanties breed tuberculosis. Ignorance of "civilized" clothes, leading to the wearing of thick garments in summer and thin garments in winter as often as the other way about, makes pneumonia a serious menace. Ignorance of the meaning of quarantine leads to epidemics that carry off a much larger percentage of victims than among the whites.

It has been impossible for the government's physicians to teach the newly-housed Indian how to live. Their time is fully occupied with the urgent cases. On the Pine Ridge reservation, for example, which is approximately the size of Connecticut, there are two doctors to look after the health of 7,000 Sioux. Neither of these has been supplied with surgical instruments; indeed, surgery, so far as the Bureau of Indian affairs is concerned, might never have been practised. Still, the modern Indian does not complain that doctors are scarce, for in all of the thinly settled West the doctor is a rare visitor. His just cause for discontent is that he has been urged to build a house and wear "store clothes" without being told how to live under a roof and save woollen underclothes for cold weather. Agents, agency physicians, school superintendents and field matrons continue to send in alarming reports, showing the spread of the "white plague" among the tribes. They emphasize the importance of a campaign of instruction, and they point out the immediate need of a sanitarium and school in the Southwest where all consumptive Indians, adults and children, may be sent.

It is important, if the "white man's West" and the Indian's

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West are to merge, that the children of Indian parents shall be educated, wherever possible, in the same schools with white boys and girls. A few of the progressive men in the tribes realize this, though the average Indian does not. From reports made to the Bureau at Washington it is found that about 450 public schools are either on reservations or near enough to permit Indian children to attend. In case a public school takes a reservation pupil, the Government agrees to pay to the county authorities the proportionate cost of its teaching. Last year, however, only ninety-four contracts of this kind were made—ninety-four Indian children enrolled in the common public schools out of a total, in Government, mission and non-reservation contract schools, of 29,500. To the Indian's own indifference this small showing is mainly due, but there exists in the West, besides, a strong prejudice against seating an Indian child beside a white child.

The Westerner's aversion to the reservation pupil is unfortunate. It discourages the newer type of Indian, for no one sees clearer than he the need for beginning the process of merger at the earliest possible moment. He has accepted in good faith the doctrine that his tribal life must be changed, that he must become in every sense a competitor of the white man. The logical result of such a recognition of superior wisdom would be to secure that wisdom, along with the white man, at a common source. In theory, the public-school authorities of the West agree; in many cases Indian children are included in the State scholastic census, and funds are apportioned as though the doors of the schools were not shut to the little shy people. A small cloud now, this prejudice will assume a very real importance as the tribesmen come to closer grips with their white neighbors.

In the bill of complaint filed against their white neighbors and the Government by the modern "reservation" Indians, the usurer and the trickster, familiar pests in the white man's West, are cited as defendants. These have succeeded the conscienceless old traders. Their methods are different, but their aim is the same—to strip the ignorant Indian of everything that can be obtained. In his report to the Indian Office in 1905, Colonel Randlett, one of the best Indian agents in the service, in charge of the Kiowa agency in Oklahoma, cites an interesting case. An Oklahoma bank official was arrested for trespassing on the reservation. His business there, he explained, was to collect interest on loans

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made to Indians. On inquiry, it was found that these loans bore interest at any rate between 150 and 3,360 per cent.

The case was not an isolated one, wrote Colonel Randlett. "This practice of extorting usurious rates of interest (from the Indians) is not confined to the despised professional gamblers, but is generally found to be a habit of senior officials of National as well as State banks." Wherever periodical payments are made to tribes, or where personal property can be secured as pledges, loan sharks thrive, and it is not an unreasonable demand the Indians make who want to be protected from them.

Trickery of another kind is reported by the agent in charge of the Shawnee, Pottawottomi and Kickapoo reservation in Oklahoma. In an Act of Congress approved March 3, 1905, restrictions were removed from the allotments of seven Kickapoo Indians. Six of these lay adjacent to the growing town of Shawnee, and are of exceptional value as town-site additions. The agent declares that "unless some legal steps are taken to prevent the passing of title from the Indians interested, they will soon have lost property worth no less than $100,000. This matter certainly represents a gigantic fraudulent scheme." It is accepted by the intelligent Indians as well as their well-wishers among the whites that the only way to teach the tribesman the value of land and money is to let him use it. But this does not mean connivance with sharpers. It does not mean, as in the case of the Colville Indians in Washington, allowing white men to go upon a reservation and "locate" a farm under pretence of working the claim as a placer mine. Captain Webster, in charge of the Colville agency, hints that "here is a fine field for an expert to trap a conscienceless lot of individuals and corporations who regard Government holdings as legitimate prey."

Between the liquor-seller and the Government the old quarrel over the right of an Indian to buy whiskey has reached a threatening stage. The Supreme Court held, in a recent decision, that it is not against the law to sell liquor to an Indian who has taken his allotment, and, by that act, become a citizen of the United States. An Act of Congress, long relied upon by the Indian Office to keep the Indian and whiskey apart, was by this decision declared unconstitutional. It was declared to be an infringement upon the rights of citizens. In spite of the decision, the Indian Office has declared that an allotted Indian must go out-

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side the reservation, or off his allotment, to buy liquor. It is anticipated that the whiskey-sellers will keep up the fight and attempt to secure the removal of the remaining restrictions. No one is more interested than the modern Indian in the efforts of the Indian Office to put off the time for letting the tribesman have free access to the saloons until he has become a competing factor in the life of his community. No one is more concerned over the victories of the liquor-sellers. Whiskey flows toward all frontiers, and is one of the "civilizing influences" that is resisted by white men as vigorously as by the shrewd Indian who wishes to preserve his race as industrial competitors.

When the trust periods begin to expire on allotments already taken by the Indians, as they will in five years, there will be confusion. Questions of heirship that should have been settled long ago will involve Indians in costly litigation. A majority perhaps of the allottees will have died in the trust periods. Who is to inherit? Registers of marriages and records of family relationships are wofully incomplete, and there looms ahead endless costly suits among claimants, with only the lawyers to profit thereby. Left to themselves, the Indians had no incentive to record their family histories. It is a necessity imposed upon them by the adoption of our laws, and it is a just cause for complaint that the making of these records has been neglected.

The bill of complaint contains many minor counts, such as the new greed of the monopolists who are allowed to trade with the Indians, the costly restrictions on the sale of inherited Indian lands, and the demoralizing "work system." Certain of these counts are directed against a Government that is striving with honesty and vigor to satisfy its wards, and some against the white civilization that surrounds the Indian. In its body, the bill is in striking contrast to those so often drawn in the last half-century. To an extraordinary degree, it embodies the complaints heard by the alert traveller in any part of the sparsely settled West, whether Indian reservation or white settlement. It is significant as indicating the practical disappearance of the old "Indian question," and more significant as a sign that the tribesman is becoming a factor in his community.

JOHN M. OSKISON.

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THE CAUSE OF EARTHQUAKES.

RALPH S. TARR, PROFESSOR OF DYNAMIC GEOLOGY AND PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY IN CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

THE past year has been an exceptional one in the annals of seismology. First San Francisco, then Valparaiso, and now Kingston have been devastated by the shaking of the earth. Naturally, the partial destruction of three populous cities in the Western Hemisphere, within nine months, has aroused an interest in the subject of earthquakes wholly without parallel.

So dramatic has been the recent earthquake history, that a general feeling of alarm has arisen lest one's own home may next be visited. Much speculation has arisen as to the cause of the shaking, and parallels have been attempted between the individual shocks and volcanic eruptions more or less remote. It has come to be widely believed that the earth is passing through a period of unusual instability, and that catastrophe is imminent. Far more space than could be given here would be required even to enumerate the many explanations that have been proposed to account for this supposed unusual condition of the earth. The seen and the unseen, the known and the unknown have been appealed to. Magnetism and radium, sunspots and the moon have all figured in the hypotheses put forward.

Seismologists do not share either the popular apprehension or the wide-spread belief in the earth's unusual instability. Professor John Milne, who, as chairman of the seismological committee of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, has for years kept records of the occurrence and strength of earthquake shocks, has recently stated that there are about sixty world-shaking earth tremors each year. By this is meant such shocks as destroy buildings near the centre of disturbance, and send out waves which are recorded by seismographs the world over.

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The unusual feature of the past year has been, not an increase in the number of world-shaking earthquakes, but the occurrence of three of the normal sixty near large centres of population. The other fifty-seven have attracted little or no public attention, either because they did no damage to life and property, or because their effects were felt in regions occupied by people in whom we have little interest.

That within so short a period three large cities have been stricken by the shaking of the earth, must be set down as a coincidence, due to the unfortunate location of three of the great earthquakes of the year; or, shall we not rather say, to the unfortunate location of the cities themselves? Looking back over the records, we find abundant reason to expect each of these cities to be visited by the devastation of the earthquake. On a map of earthquake destruction, each of the cities lies in one of the most heavily shaded parts.

San Francisco is a very young city, but even in its short life, in addition to innumerable minor tremors and slight shocks, there have been a number of quakes of sufficient strength to do damage. The shock of 1898 destroyed a third of a million dollars' worth of property at Mare Island, and damaged many buildings in the city; that of 1868 was of such violence that, had the city then had the area and population of 1906, it would, without much doubt, have been sufficiently destructive to rank as one of the great earthquakes that have occurred in this country. It takes a long time for the strain to accumulate sufficient strength to generate a great earthquake, and San Francisco's history is altogether too brief to warrant the assumption that even the shock of 1906 is the most destructive that that region is capable of.

The coast of Peru and Chile has again and again been visited by destructive earthquakes; and Valparaiso has been devastated more than once. One of the most frightful of modern earthquakes occurred in Jamaica in 1692, when Port Royal, situated on the sand bar at the entrance to Kingston Harbor, was engulfed. Other shocks of violence have also occurred in this island. Thus, in each of these cities, the last earthquake is only one of a series; and the strange feature is not that there have been earthquakes, but that the recurrence of shaking should have happened to affect all three in a single year.

Earthquakes form one of the most inviting phases of geological

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study. To their investigation, therefore, a large body of men have devoted a part or all of their time.

Out of all the mass of works relating to earthquakes, it is perhaps not fair to select one for special commendation; yet I believe that most students of seismology will agree with me in the opinion that the one great, epoch-making book on the subject is the recently published "*Les Tremblements de Terre,*" by Count de Montessus de Ballore, major of artillery in the French army. Count de Montessus has made it almost a life work to study the distribution of earthquakes, and the ripe results of this study have been published in his recent treatise.

Up to the year 1903, he finds records of 159,784 earthquakes. The plotting of these on a map of the world brings out the striking fact, already known in a general way, that far the greater part of the earth is free from the frequent visitation of earthquakes, and practically immune from violent shocks. Of the nearly one hundred and sixty thousand recorded earthquakes, ninety-four per cent. have occurred in two narrow, well-defined bands forming great circles, and crossing each other at two points. Not all parts of the belts are equally liable to earthquakes, but in them occur almost all the world-shaking earthquakes.

One of these belts, in which has occurred fifty-three per cent. of all recorded shocks, is called by de Montessus the "Mediterranean," or "Alpine-Caucasus-Himalayan," belt. It swings roughly east and west about the earth, and includes the Mediterranean region, Asia Minor, the Caucasus, the Himalayas, the East Indies, Central America, and the West Indies. Where the belt crosses the oceans, little is known about its condition.

The second belt, called by de Montessus the "Circum-Pacific," or "Andes-Japanese-Malayan," belt, almost encircles the Pacific Ocean. Passing along the Andes, it crosses the other belt in the Central-American region, thence extends up the western coast of North America, passes across to Asia along the Aleutian chain, thence down through Kamchatka, the Japanese Islands, and the Philippines, and, crossing the Mediterranean belt in the East Indies, extends on to New Zealand. Forty-one per cent. of all recorded shocks occur in this belt.

All the rest of the world, that is, a surface scores of times greater than the combined area of these two belts, is the seat of

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only six per cent. of all recorded shocks. As an indication that this small percentage is not the result of failure to keep records, it may be pointed out that the area where earthquakes are infrequent includes most of the well-settled parts of North and South America, Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia, while a very considerable proportion of the two earthquake zones traverses sparsely settled portions of the earth.

One should not infer from the above figures that regions outside the earthquake belts are actually immune. In the case of the United States there are good reasons for believing that severe shocks are liable to occur in the Great Basin and Rocky Mountain region. East of the Rocky Mountains, shaking of a very minor character has been reported at many places; and in two or three localities there have been really vigorous shocks.

Eastern United States has, indeed, been visited by one earthquake, which, so far as can be judged from the meagre descriptions handed down to us, must be classed as of first rank. This earthquake, commencing late in the year 1811, devastated a part of the Mississippi Valley south of the mouth of the Ohio, being strongest in and about New Madrid. The shaking was repeated at intervals for more than a year, and the first and most violent shock is said to have been felt at points as remote as the West Indies in one direction and New York in the other. The region was sparsely settled and the destruction of property was therefore slight; but the descriptions of the pioneers make it clear that, should such a shock recur in the now well-settled region, the destruction of life and property would be appalling. That the earthquake forces have not completely died out in this section is proved by the fact that other shocks of lesser strength have visited it since 1812.

In the present state of our knowledge, it is probable that no seismologist would venture the prediction of immunity from earthquakes for any part of the globe; but it may be stated that, upon the basis of the records of past earthquakes, the United States east of the Rocky Mountains stands in as little danger from destructive visitations of earth-shaking as any portion of the earth's surface. Only in one locality, or possibly two, does there seem good ground for considering an earthquake of first rank among more than the remotest of possibilities.

The fact that some parts of the earth are peculiarly liable to

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be shaken, while other and larger areas are practically free from danger of violent shocks, is, of course, definitely related to the cause of earthquakes. This question of cause divides itself into two parts: first, the immediate explanation of individual shocks, and, secondly, the underlying reason for the conditions by which the immediate cause is able to operate. Upon the first of these questions the work of geologists has thrown much light; as to the other, dealing as it does with the hidden interior of the earth, the answer is not yet found, but an army of workers is engaged in an attempt at its solution.

In general, it may be said that any jar in the earth's crust will cause an earthquake. An explosion of dynamite starts vibrations which pass through the rocks as the waves of an earthquake do. For example, when the passage at Hell Gate was cleared away, some years ago, by a great explosion, the shock was measured on the seismographs at Washington in one direction and Boston in the other. A landslide causes an earthquake; the falling of the roof of a cavern is another cause; and the snapping of rocks under slight strains another.

These are all minor causes for earthquakes, but they account for many of the small tremblings which are felt in a limited area. A much more important cause is volcanic action. The violent eruption of a volcano necessarily jars the earth round about; and even before the eruption shocks are liable to occur; for, as the pent-up lava rises toward the surface, it breaks the rock apart and the molten rock is forced violently into the fissures. This was well illustrated at Vesuvius just before its first great outbreak in historic times. As early as the year 63, A.D., a shock occurred of sufficient violence to injure seriously the buildings in Pompeii, and this damage was not fully repaired when, in 79, the great eruption destroyed and buried that city. As the period of eruption approached, the shocks became of more alarming frequency; and we have the word of Pliny the Younger for it, that the eruption itself was rendered all the more frightful by the rocking of the earth around the Bay of Naples.

Doubtless, if a new volcano should break forth at some point on the earth, its birth would be preceded by repeated earthquake shocks round about the centre of final outbreak; and it is not at all improbable that some of the earthquakes are due to the subterranean movements of lava at points where, as yet,

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it has not succeeded in reaching the surface. It is a popular belief that all earthquakes are in some way connected with volcanoes, and when a great and destructive shock occurs, an effort is made to relate it in some way to volcanic activity. Thus, in both the San Francisco and Kingston earthquakes, as in the case of earlier ones, the press announced the outbreak of volcanoes in the neighboring mountains. Such reports were wholly without foundation.

As a matter of fact, while what we may call volcanic earthquakes are common enough, and locally of great violence, they are not usually world-shaking. The reason for this is that the blow which causes the shock strikes only a small area of the crust, and, while the jar may be powerful enough to shake severely the immediate vicinity, it is soon dissipated as its waves spread out from the small centre of disturbance. This being the case, when an earthquake of first violence occurs, and when the seismographs of all the world record it, and especially when it occurs in a non-volcanic region, like San Francisco and Kingston, the inference is at once drawn that it is probably due to some other cause than volcanic action.

This fact, together with the correctness of the inference, was illustrated in the case of the San Francisco earthquake. Immediately after the shock, the newspapers interviewed many geologists of the country who were thought to have knowledge of the subject, and, so far as I saw, to a man they assigned the correct cause for the catastrophe. It was well known that the Coast Ranges are a growing mountain chain; that the rocks there are in a state of strain; that this strain is being steadily increased; that, during the past history of the mountain growth, the strata have been broken and forced to move along the planes of breakage or fault planes; and that, when great masses of rock suddenly slide over one another, even though the movement be but a few feet, the grinding of the strata together must of necessity set the earth trembling. Naturally, therefore, geologists were unanimous in the statement that the San Francisco earthquake was probably due to a movement along one or more fault planes, and the result of normal mountain growth.

Since the earthquake, a State Commission has been carefully studying the facts, and they report that for at least 185 miles there has been a slip, on one side of which the mountains have

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been moved bodily in relation to the other side. In this instance, the movement was mainly horizontal, instead of vertical as is normally the case. In places, the shifting amounted to only two or three feet, in others to as much as twenty feet. By it roads were dislocated, fences broken and moved apart, water-pipes separated and long furrows opened in the ground. The movement of a great block of the earth's crust from two to twenty feet, along a plane nearly 200 miles in length, and extending to an unknown depth, but probably thousands of feet, furnishes ample explanation of a shock whose vibrations reached the seismographs in all parts of the earth, and whose area of destruction extended 400 miles in one direction and fifty miles in the other.

There has not yet been a report upon the conditions accompanying the earthquakes of Valparaiso and Kingston; but it is a safe prediction to make that, when the necessary studies have been made, they, too, will be found to be the result of a slipping of the rocks along fault planes. This is the most common cause of violent earthquakes, and, in all probability, of lesser shocks as well. Again and again, when individual earthquakes have been studied, it has been found to be the cause. It has been my fortune to study the conditions associated with one of the most violent of modern earthquakes; and, since the evidence discovered is so clear, and has such direct bearing upon the fault origin of earthquakes, I will briefly outline it. This shock occurred in September, 1899, in and around Yakutat Bay, just southeast of the base of Mount St. Elias. It attracted almost no attention, though the newspapers of the Pacific Coast contained some accounts of it. Yet two of the shocks were so severe that they were recorded on the seismographs at points as remote as Tokio, Cape Town and Rome. In fact, in a recent paper, Dr. Oldham selects this almost unknown earthquake as one of the great modern world shocks. Only a few people were near the centre of shaking,—a party of prospectors camped in Yukutat Bay, and the inhabitants of a small Indian village at its mouth. The accounts of these people make it clear that for two weeks the ground was in a state of almost continuous disturbance, with occasional shocks of terrifying intensity during which it was quite impossible to stand.

Six years later I visited this bay, and to my surprise found the beaches around almost its entire shore elevated above the

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present reach of the waves; and mussels, barnacles and other marine animals, dead but still clinging to the cliffs, far above high-water mark. It was evident enough that the coast had been hoisted bodily, and, of course, this meant that the mountains against whose base the beaches rested had been pushed up also. These conditions were studied along 100 miles of coast, and throughout most of its extent the beaches were found to be uplifted from three to ten feet; at one point they were raised fifteen to twenty feet; and along one coast, in a stretch of about three miles, the uplift was from thirty to forty-seven feet. The latter is the greatest uplift of the land so far recorded as having occurred in a single movement.

By plotting the observations on the change of level, it became evident that the movements had occurred along several fault lines, and that mountain blocks had been differentially uplifted, in one case, as stated, as much as forty-seven feet. Besides the major faults we found several areas of minor uplifts varying from a few inches to three or four feet. Professor John Milne, writing recently on this earthquake, says: "We do not know the magnitude of the masses involved, but, from measurements like those made by Messrs. Tarr and Martin (in Yakutat Bay), we may estimate them as being represented by one or two million cubic miles of rocky material." The sudden readjustment of this amount of rock material is a far more potent cause for violent earth-shaking than the greatest of volcanic explosions.

It is not to be inferred that only great shocks are due to slipping of rocks along fault planes. Striking examples have been selected solely because they present the best and clearest evidence. It is well known that minor slips and adjustments also occur along fault planes, some causing tremors so slight that they would not be known at all were it not for the records of delicate instruments. Such "microseisms" and minor shocks often precede, and almost invariably succeed, great earthquakes. They emanate from the same fault planes, and differ from the great shocks both in the extent of movement along the plane of faulting and in their frequency, for there are hundreds of minor tremors to one great quake. In fact, it is probable that frequent minor movements relieve the accumulating strain, and thus remove the danger of a sudden adjustment of such great extent as to cause a violent shock.

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Geological studies of ancient fault planes give us a fair basis for understanding the movements in progress along those modern planes over which rocks are still slipping. In some of these faults the strata on one side have been pushed upward thousands of feet; but the change did not occur all at once. Doubtless, such a fault plane was the source of tens of thousands of shocks, mere tremors when the movement was slight, world-shaking quakes when the strata slipped a few feet along the plane. Near these great faults the rock is usually broken and crushed, showing the intense friction by which the earthquake waves are generated. All mountain regions in which the strata have been folded abound in faults. Where mountain growth is at an end, as in the Appalachians, movements along the planes have practically ceased, and thus a region once an undoubted centre of earthquake activity is now relatively free from such disturbances. But in those mountains which are growing, like the Andes, the Coast Ranges, and the West-Indian chain (in large part submerged), the strains that are causing mountains to rise are still forcing the rocks to move along fault planes.

Exactly what it is that is causing mountains to rise is a question upon which, at present, it is possible to offer only hypothesis. It is known that some mountains, once raised to great height, have not only ceased growing, but have been so long in that state that they have been worn down to low relief. Such is the condition of the mountains of eastern North America from Labrador to Alabama, and of western Europe from Scandinavia to southern England. During the ancient growth of these systems there were volcanoes, and from the evidence of faults, we infer, also, earthquakes. Now the scene is shifted and the same assemblage of growing mountains, volcanoes and earthquakes is present in the two earthquake belts already mentioned. Both volcanic activity and earth-shaking are intimately related to the growth of mountains now as in the past.

The question, therefore, of the ultimate cause of earthquakes, that is of their distribution in belts, is really the question, "What is the cause of mountains?" This is far too great a question for adequate discussion here, and, in fact, it is doubtful if such a discussion would be profitable, since at best, if properly treated, it would lead us only to a series of alternate hypotheses. It must be frankly stated that we do not know what the condition

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of the earth's interior really is. Once it was believed to be liquid, later to be solid but highly heated; now we are confronted by the possibility that the heat is a result of radium emanations. The interior of the earth is wholly outside the range of direct observation; and inferences drawn upon its condition must depend upon indirect evidence.

On one point it is my belief that the evidence is clear and conclusive. This is that, whatever its exact condition, the interior upon which the visible rocky crust rests is a yielding mass, even tending to adjust itself to varying loads. It behaves somewhat like a liquid, and tends to maintain a state of isostatic equilibrium. If material is removed from the land, thereby lightening that portion of the crust, and transferred to the ocean bottom, weighing down the crust in that section, there is a down-sinking on the weighted sea floor, a thrust against the land and a rising of the lighter crust near the coast. There are some who believe that this action of isostacy is the main cause for mountain chains; but it seems to me that, while we must admit it as an actually operating cause, we are far from having proof that it is the sole or even the prime reason for mountain growth. A rival hypothesis is that of contraction of the heated globe: and there are other hypotheses also.

That the explanation of mountains has so far baffled investigators, is by no means proof that the problem is insoluble. Never before has it been attacked with such vigor, or by such a body of workers, as at the present day; and among these workers none have made more important contributions to the subject than seismologists. The Japanese have long been engaged in a scientific study of earthquakes; and the Italians have maintained seismological stations at numerous points. Germany, coming into the field later, has, with its characteristic scientific spirit, taken the lead in earthquake investigation on the Continent, with its central station at Strasburg.

The British Association for the Advancement of Science has established a special Seismological Committee, under the direction of Professor John Milne, long a leader in the study of earthquakes in Japan, where he was a professor. Through the influence of this Committee, forty stations have been established in various part of the globe. Very tardily, on the initiative of Professor Hobbs, who at the University of Michigan gives what

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is, I believe, the only University course on seismology in America, the American Association for the Advancement of Science at its last meeting established a committee similar to that of the British Association. It will attempt to secure the establishment of seismological stations in the territory and dependencies of the United States.

What can be accomplished by united effort and by numerous widely scattered seismological stations can be inferred from the results already gained, although the movement is only just begun. The immediate cause of earth tremors is understood. The rate of travel of earthquake waves through the earth is now known; and, as a result of their study, far better basis for inference concerning the condition of the earth's interior is now at hand than before these observations began. The actual distribution and the relative intensity of earthquakes are now, for the first time, being recorded over a large part of the earth. The location of earthquakes not reported in the newspapers is made possible by seismographic records; for the time of arrival of the waves and the rate at which they travel, being known, the site of the shock can be closely determined. These are but a few of the scientific results of modern earthquake study, and seismologists are hopeful that by the continuation and broadening of this investigation it may be possible to unravel some of the basal secrets of earth condition and behavior.

If the outcome of these studies were to be wholly of a scientific character, their prosecution might not be of much interest to the general public. But from studies in pure science much of practical value has come forth; in fact, our modern civilization rests primarily upon the foundation of scientific investigation, often carried on wholly without thought of the economic outcome. No one can foretell when or where the most abstruse investigation will touch upon our every-day life.

Earthquakes affect life and property so vitally that one would naturally expect results of economic importance to come out of thorough scientific investigation of the subject. Indeed, some results of importance have already been achieved, and I believe one is warranted in predicting others. It is already known that certain belts are liable to earthquake visitation of destructive character and the limits of these belts are, thanks to de Montessus, fairly well defined. It is further known that certain parts of

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these belts are more liable to devastation than others, and some of the more clearly defined earthquake centres are recognized and their limits mapped. With the more careful and thorough studies of the present day, it will not be long before far more will have been accomplished in this direction.

The city of San Salvador, capital of the country of that name, was so frequently devastated by earthquakes that the old site was abandoned; the new one, however, has proved to be but little better. It is by no means improbable that it would be the part of both wisdom and economy to move the sites of other cities in the earthquake belt. A thorough knowledge of the earthquake history of a country would give basis for a proper judgment on this point, and for the selection of a safer new site.

Seismology has lessons to teach in the building of the Isthmian Canal, and it is a grave question whether these lessons have received the attention they deserve. The Nicaragua route lies in a part of the Circum-Pacific belt in which severe shocks are certain to occur, and for this reason it is well that the route selected was further south. The Panama region has not been nearly so subject to earth-shaking as the northern part of South America to the south and the Central-American states to the north. Nevertheless, earthquakes of considerable violence are not unknown even there, and it is by no means certain that equal or greater shocks will not recur. The bearing of this possibility on the question of a lock-canal is evident. A severe earthquake near the Gatun Dam, as now proposed, would cause untold damage and delay. It would show little knowledge of the subject to conclude that, because there has not been a destructive earthquake in the canal zone for several years, or even for a half-century, the danger is absent. There was an interval of 215 years between the earth movements which destroyed Port Royal and Kingston on the same harbor.

When it becomes necessary to build cities in or near earthquake centres, the lessons learned by seismologists are capable of being put to very practical use. It is well known, for example, that structures on loose earth and made land suffer most severely. At Port Royal that part of the city which was built on that sort of foundation slid bodily into the sea, while the buildings on rock were merely injured. The greatest destruction by the San Francisco earthquake was in the districts of made land and loose sand;

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and the meagre reports from Kingston indicate that the same phenomenon was repeated there. The reason for this is evident. The violent shaking loosens and moves the earth beneath the foundations, so that, the support being partly destroyed, the building readily collapses under the shaking to which, at the same time, it is itself subjected.

Not only should care be taken to select solid ground for buildings, or, if it becomes necessary to build on loose earth, to fortify the unstable foundation, but, in earthquake centres special attention should be given to the mode of construction. In this direction the Japanese have made most progress. In a country where over a thousand shocks occur each year, it is natural that means for relief from their most terrible effects should be carefully devised. From the Japanese, those who live in other earthquake centres may learn important lessons in the proper building of earthquake-resisting structures. It is little short of criminal carelessness to rebuild, after a devastating earthquake, apparently without giving a thought to the future.

It is entirely within reason to expect that careful study in any given locality would reveal the exact site and extent of fault lines, and determine the probable danger from destructive shocks over the area. Indeed, I consider it not at all improbable that such studies could be made to serve as the basis of accurate prediction of the coming of a severe earthquake in sufficient time to warn the inhabitants of its approach.

There is not a little evidence that there is a certain relation between the time of occurrence of earthquakes and other conditions not commonly recognized as having a bearing on earth movements. Future investigations will throw more light on this question, possibly eliminating some of the inferred relationships, and establishing others now suspected. It has been suggested that there is a relation between earthquakes and air pressure; and, with the frequent changes in weight of the air column, it is not impossible that there is some such relationship; but long-continued and careful studies are required to establish it, if, in fact, it exists. Another suggested relationship is that of the pull on the earth by the moon and sun, which varies in intensity from time to time and from place to place. Not enough facts are now at hand to either deny or affirm this suggested relationship. The same may be said with reference to magnetism.

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These possible factors in earthquake cause, if they operate at all, in all probability act only to finally start the movement for which strains have been accumulating as a result of other causes. In connection with these more fundamental causes for earthquakes, there are also some possible relationships. There is known to be a slight movement of the pole, and there is already fairly clear evidence that this affects earthquake occurrence, though just to what extent is not yet clear. A change in the axis of rotation of a sphere flattened at the poles and bulging at the equator, though ever so slight, necessarily calls for readjustments in the earth; and, from these, earthquakes may well follow.

While it is generally denied by seismologists that there is reason to associate earthquakes with distant volcanic eruptions,—for example, the San Francisco earthquake and the eruption of Vesuvius at nearly the same time,—there is, nevertheless, reason for believing that earthquakes and movements of molten rock near at hand are, at times at least, sympathetically related. In the earthquake-stricken Calabrian region of south Italy, there has been a rather striking series of coincidences of severe earthquakes either preceding or following vigorous outbursts of the neighboring volcanoes of Vesuvius and Ætna; and, less strikingly, there have been coincidences between earthquakes and volcanic eruptions in the West Indies.

It has been one of my objects in this paper to point out that, while much progress has already been made in the study of the cause and effects of earthquakes, there are many unsolved problems. The solution of these is a matter of great scientific interest; but, aside from this, there is a possibility, and I think I may say even probability, that the solution of these problems will be a matter of the highest importance to the human race. The army of investigators scattered over the world are working upon them as best they can with scanty means and insufficient equipment. There is need of more workers, many more stations, better equipments and more intimate coordination of results. To provide the means for this, which any one of scores of Americans could easily do, would be a service of the highest importance not only to science, but to mankind in general. Few scientific investigations offer promise of greater results to science and higher benefits to humanity.

RALPH S. TARR.

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THE CONSTITUTION AND THE PEOPLE'S LIBERTIES.

BY F. J. STIMSON.

THE study of Anglo-American constitutional law is that of the liberties of the people. Neither a body of dry technicalities, as the demagogue is prone to consider it, nor an instrument new created in the year 1787 and now but an inconvenient impediment to the national destiny, our own Constitution registers the totality of those principles which, in eight hundred and forty years of struggle, the Saxon peoples have won back again from Norman kings, the common law from Roman conceptions of a Sovereign State; each rising wave of freedom leaving its record in some historic document, then perhaps to recede again until the next flood left a higher record still. And if to the Mother Country is due the invention of the Constitution as a bulwark of the people against the Executive, to our forefathers belongs the glory of protecting the people against the Legislative as well; and against the usurpations of any Government or law, even of their own making, on that irreducible minimum which time has shown to be necessary to the English-American people for freedom as they understand it. Give them less than this and they will fight.

That Democracy, besides grasping the reins of government, now also, for the first time in history, conscious of its power to create Laws, for its very first act should have sought to curb itself in Constitutions, State or National, would argue a wisdom and self-restraint almost superhuman were it not for the historical explanation. This explanation is not alone the training of a thousand years that, we fondly think, makes the English-speaking people unique in its power to rule itself; it is a much more definite and recent cause, less clearly understood and, for obvious reasons, at the time less rarely adverted to. This was,

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in brief, the desire of the American people on the one hand to protect their liberties from the possibly aristocratic, or autocratic, Federal Government they were about to create; and on the other the desire of the propertied classes, of the Federalists themselves, to protect their rights from the recently created omnipotent State Legislatures. Broadly speaking, the latter is the function of the State constitution, the former of the Federal; and thus the sides became curiously inverted and, even in some cases, the contents curiously mixed, the statesmen who worked for the one caring little for the other. Antitheses are dangerous; yet it is true that it was the People, under Jefferson, who said to the Federal Constitution, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther"; it was the educated, propertied classes, the Federalists at home in their State capitals, who said the same thing to the State Legislatures, to whose local government their lives and personal liberties and private fortunes were to be entrusted. Both in the main are aimed at securing liberty; but the one rather political liberty, in and from their Government at Washington; the other rather personal liberty, for themselves and their possessions at home.

It was this new restraint on the lawmaking power, subordinating to a constitution the Legislatures themselves, far more than the reasons usually advanced therefor, that made it logically necessary to give the courts the power to "annul" a law; to endow the judicature, for the first time in human history, with prerogative to nullify the acts, not only of the executive, but of the legislative branch as well. For the British constitution, in spite of *dicta* of theorists like Coke, whose wish was father to the thought—approved by Blackstone in the *dictum* that a law "against common right" would be void—restrains the Crown alone, the Crown and its officers, civil or military. Under the English constitution the House of Commons is the people, is sovereign, and anything it does is right, constitutionally speaking. With us the People is sovereign; our Legislatures, State and National, but represent them; and this in a carefully delimitated scope of authority. Only the people can be always right. And when the Legislature transcends that authority, or when the Executive does so, the courts are bound, not to nullify their acts, to destroy them, as those who would make the courts unpopular declare, but to apply, where the two laws clash, the *higher* law—that is to say, not the will of the present President,

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or Legislature or Congress, but the permanent will of the sovereign People, that is to say, the Constitution, National or State.

Much has been said about written or rigid, and unwritten or flexible, constitutions. Broadly speaking, we Americans are credited with the invention of the former; but the distinction is not half so important as that attribute of our own which we have last discussed. The historic importance of our Constitution is not that it is written, but that it embodies the first attempt of a people to control their own Government in the acts not only of its servants or departments, but of itself, and not only in the acts it does, but in the laws it makes. Moreover, an unwritten constitution may, by long judicial construction or legislative precedent, become, as in England, almost fixed; a written constitution may be cast aside at the will of the Executive, as in South-American republics, or remoulded by judicial interpretation, as present tendencies in our Supreme Court portend. Jurists usually lean to the unwritten form—many, from Hamilton down, thought the Federal Bill of Rights (which afterwards became the first eight amendments) better left in the unwritten form; politicians and less-educated lawyers lean to the rigid form, both because they think, if written down, it is easier to know it all, and because the people, always conservative, show an ever-increasing desire to chain down their Legislature and reserve more prerogative to themselves. Our Constitution, however, is written; and it is probable that the writing of it forever excluded what was not therein contained, all the way from the moral law to the principles of the Declaration of Independence. Coke urged that an act of Parliament against common right should be void; but it need not be void, if an act of Congress, any more than is an insular Government of ours unlawful which does not derive its powers from the consent of the governed, if our written Constitution does not say so,—although the Declaration of Independence does.

When we attempt to trace the broad principles and privileges of Anglo-American constitutional liberty, they will be found to flow in three main streams; that is, Rights to Liberty, Rights to Property and Rights to Law; from Magna Charta, down through all the English and Colonial constitutional documents, to the Federal Constitution and those of the forty-six States to the very most recent of all, Oklahoma—and though these streams

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broaden as they flow, the radical principles never disappear, nor are they often added to.

England always lost her liberties under her most popular kings; and the rights and safety of the people are never so much in danger as when they themselves are willing to subordinate their liberty birthrights to the passion for equality or other immediate end. It was under Elizabeth, Henry VIII, George III, that the English constitution was most at stake. So ours has been strained to its breaking-point, not by Andrew Johnson or Franklin Pierce, but by Jefferson, Lincoln and Roosevelt. Our very unanimity as to most of the ends at present to be gained makes some of the means proposed, though destructive ultimately of government by the people, possible of careless adoption. And it seems as if a portion, or a party, of our people were in danger of adopting the European view of government and of lawmaking — that law is a command of the sovereign, not a custom of long growth among a free people; that a legislature or a sovereign nation is, or ought to be, omnipotent; and that whatever power a European Great Power had or has necessarily resided in our Executive or Congress, although the whole history of our Republic is that it is the first great attempt of a free people to keep certain of such powers in their own hands—at least until they choose to give them up,—and to base for all time their own national career upon undying principles, distributing ever its power among three departments, and calling always upon our Supreme Court to determine whether an act proposed, be it of war or law, of government or of administration, is in accordance with the Supreme Law, as written in those tablets wherein our people have expressed their will only to be governed and their desire that by them alone their Republic shall endure.

For, while our Government is a democracy and a commonwealth, it is also a constitutional Government, a "Republic." It has the function of a democratic government to enforce the will of the majority, but it has the function of a constitutional government also to protect the minority, even the individual, against the majority, against even the Executive or the Legislature transcending its admitted powers. There are natural inalienable rights, said Virginia and Massachusetts, before the Federal Constitution was adopted, which no men can be presumed to have bargained away; and when Government fails to

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protect them, it fails of its chief design, and the people have the right to alter, to change or even to overthrow it. Our President is not a King, even for four years, said our Supreme Court in the great Milligan case; nor is Congress omnipotent; nor shall the judicial branch exercise the functions of either of the other two. We alone, of all the peoples of the earth, have learned the lesson that human liberty is best subserved by keeping each of the three sovereign arms equal in dignity, unhindered in power within its proper scope, but neither one transcending or interfering with the other. As it is put in the Massachusetts Constitution, in what Daniel Webster thought its noblest expression: "The executive shall never exercise the legislative and judicial powers, or either of them: the judicial shall never exercise the legislative and executive powers, or either of them: *to the end that it may be a government of laws and not of men.*" This was our second great invention; and it is our most precious heritage.

Some of the Constitutional rights which were thought of great importance under the Stuarts, or even one hundred years ago, may possibly seem less familiar and less necessary to us now. Even if it were true, that would not make of the Constitution an "antiquarian curiosity." But when we come to discuss them, we should hesitate from hastily assuming that any one of them has grown so obsolete as to be unnecessary to preserve. A few months ago, the provision against Bills of Attainder—that is, condemnation for crime or forfeiture of civil rights without due process of law—would have seemed hardly necessary in America. Yet since then, in his praiseworthy zeal to punish a military disorder, so far quite within his constitutional right as Commander-in-Chief, we have seen our President dictate what was little else than an Executive Bill of Attainder,—a thing which was hardly, if at all, attempted by the Stuart Kings. For the Federal Constitution, the whole of it, is nothing but a code of the people's liberties, political and civil; a code of many centuries' growth, which they willed to adopt in 1787, and willed should never be abrogated without the people's will.

F. J. STIMSON.

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OUR TRADE RELATIONS WITH SOUTH AMERICA.

BY DR. L. S. ROWE, PROFESSOR OF POLITICAL SCIENCE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, DELEGATE OF THE UNITED STATES TO THE THIRD PAN-AMERICAN CONFERENCE.

THE necessity of developing our commercial relations with South America has been the subject of academic discussion for more than a generation. At periodical intervals—usually during industrial depressions—American manufacturers and merchants become interested in South-American markets, and a hasty search is made for the best means to develop trade. A definite policy is agreed upon; but, before any definite steps are taken, domestic trade revives and interest in foreign markets is so weakened that the new measures receive but half-hearted support, and therefore fail to fulfil expectations. During the last few years, however, the interest in South-American markets has entered upon a new phase. With the establishment of stable governments and the maintenance of internal order, the feeling of distrust is gradually disappearing. The rapid growth of population in recent years and the increasing prosperity of the people have created a demand for a large variety of manufactured articles which the manufacturers of England and Continental Europe have been eager to meet. England, Italy, and especially Germany, have spared no effort to adjust their business methods to the traditions of South-American trade. Patterns, method of packing and conditions of payment have been made to conform to the peculiar trade conditions prevailing in South America. During all this time, the American merchant and manufacturer have remained indifferent, and yet, in spite of this indifference, the relative position of the United States has grown from year to year. Even in those countries in which trade has

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actually declined, the United States has lost less ground than most of the countries of Europe.

In Brazil, for instance, the decline of foreign trade has been most marked. Comparing the quinquennial periods 1894-1898 and 1899-1903, we find that the exports from the United States to Brazil declined 18.5 per cent., but during the same period the exports from Great Britain declined 20.3 per cent.; from Germany 22.5 per cent.; from France 34.6; and from Belgium 38.3 per cent. The only country whose exports to Brazil showed a notable increase was Italy, with a net gain during the same period of 13.6 per cent.* The explanation of this exceptional phenomenon is due to special circumstances which we will have occasion to examine.

The decline of trade with Brazil illustrates so clearly some of the initial difficulties which must be overcome before our trade with South America can assume large proportions, as to merit special attention.

The first and most important of these is the fluctuating exchange which introduces an element of uncertainty into all transactions with countries on a paper basis. Thus in 1891 the Brazilian milreis was worth 32⅝ cents, in 1897 it had declined to 14¾ cents, and a year later it reached its lowest ebb at 12 cents, since which time it has been gradually rising in value until to-day it is worth 33 15-16 cents. With such constant fluctuations, it is impossible to conduct business on a sound basis.

Another factor which is contributing in no small degree toward restricting the commercial opportunities in South America is the strong and, at times, exaggerated protectionist movement which is sweeping over all the republics. In Brazil, for instance, it is comparatively easy to secure from the Federal Congress a heavy duty, even when the probabilities of successful domestic production are relatively remote. On the most important articles imported from the United States high import duties are levied, especially on wheat, machinery and wire. Although the local production of these articles is almost *nil*, the price of these commodities is so high that the development of the local market is seriously hampered.

* *Cf.* the very interesting report on South-American Trade by Professor Hutchinson, published recently by the Department of Commerce and Labor.

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A third factor which has also deterred American manufacturers and merchants from entering the South-American market has been the lack of confidence in the stability of the government. Much of this distrust is due to ignorance of existing conditions. In all the larger countries administrative organization has made such rapid progress in recent years that both person and property are adequately protected. European merchants fully appreciate the significance of the change that has taken place in the political institutions of South America, and show no hesitancy in investing capital, establishing branch houses and extending long-term credits to local merchants.

In explaining the backwardness of American enterprise in South America, we must also take into account the fact that our manufacturers have not heretofore felt the same pressure to search for foreign markets. The internal trade of the United States has assumed such proportions and the present indications for further expansion are such that the possibilities of profit from foreign commerce have aroused but little enthusiasm.

That the attitude of American manufacturers and merchants is undergoing profound modification is attested by the renewed interest in the development of foreign and particularly South-American markets. The repeated experience of the last few decades has shown that the desire to extend our markets in those countries must be accompanied by a willingness, not only to make certain modifications in our governmental policy, but also to change the attitude of our manufacturers and merchants towards these countries. We do not realize that this great South-American continent, with its 7,000,000 square miles and its 35,000,000 inhabitants, is making extraordinary strides towards a higher plane of economic efficiency; that already many portions of the country rival the most progressive sections of the United States in energy and initiative. Civic progress has been so strengthened within the last ten years that many of the municipalities of Brazil and the Argentine Republic can furnish our American cities with instances of great public improvements which have completely transformed the conditions of life, and which have been carried to successful conclusion without involving either extravagant expenditures or an undue burden of indebtedness.

Brazil furnishes some striking instances in the reconstruction of its two most important cities: Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo.

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These two progressive communities are the outward expression of the awakening of South America to the modern industrial movement; a movement fraught with far-reaching consequences for the commercial relations between North and South America. We have no longer to deal with the backward and unstable communities of the sixties and seventies, but with a people whose productive power is rapidly increasing and with a country whose natural resources are so vast and varied that the combined surplus capital of Europe and America will be necessary for their exploitation.

The first step towards closer commercial relations will involve some slight modifications of our tariff; modifications which can be made without disturbing the essential principles of our fiscal policy. In our relations with South America, we have all the elements for a comprehensive reciprocity system. We are the largest consumers of tropical and subtropical products and are in a position to furnish manufactured articles which are essential to the industrial progress of the southern republics. American locomotives, railroad and railway cars, electrical apparatus, dredges, industrial machinery and agricultural implements are needed everywhere. None of these articles are manufactured in South America, nor is their manufacture likely to be introduced within the near future; yet with the exception of agricultural implements most of them are burdened with a heavy import duty. The time has now come to inaugurate a tariff policy which will assure to the American manufacturer a predominant position for these products.

We must first point out to the governments of the South-American republics that the present tariff policy of the United States has been extremely favorable to their staple products. In 1905, Brazil sent to the United States coffee amounting to $64,136,008 and rubber amounting to $28,476,252. Both of these articles enter free of duty. Not only does Brazil enjoy a free American market, but the price of coffee to the consumer is increased by an export tax of from nine to eleven per cent., from which the State of Sao Paulo—the main coffee-producing State of the republic—derives an enormous revenue. In fact, the State Government depends on this export tax as the main source of revenue.

From Chile we import nitrate of soda amounting to $9,306,577,

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which enters free of duty, whereas most of our staple products pay heavy import duties. Mexico sends, free of all duty, $14,896,189 of sisal-grass, $12,504,123 of copper, $3,245,996 of lead, $3,180,988 of other ores, and $1,384,497 of ixtle; yet not a single one of our staple products enters Mexico free of duty. In 1905, Colombia sent us $3,517,664 worth of coffee, $585,498 of bananas, $337,492 of cocoanuts, whereas our iron and steel manufacturers must all pay import duties. Of all the South-American countries, the Argentine Republic is the only one which does not enjoy an exceptionally favorable position. The wool which we import pays from four to twenty-one cents per pound, and certain classes of skins from fifteen to twenty per cent. *ad valorem.*

It is true that our free list has been determined exclusively by considerations of domestic policy. The free entry of coffee was designed to check the growing alcohol habit. Our rapidly expanding rubber industry demanded the free introduction of raw material.

The fact, nevertheless, remains that we have opened our American market freely to those South-American products which we do not produce, and we have the right to expect that a spirit of reciprocity should be shown towards us. Brazil, realizing this fact, has recently made a reduction of twenty per cent. in favor of the United States on some eleven articles. It is true that this reduction is made for a period of but six months, but the fact that any reduction was made is significant as indicating a sense of obligation on the part of the Brazilian Government to do something in return for the freedom of the American market. Under the Dingley Tariff Act the President has the power to impose a duty of three cents per pound on coffee. The exercise of this power would be regarded as a calamity, and even a threat to exercise it would lead the Government to make far-reaching concessions in favor of our products.

With most of the South-American countries, therefore, the inauguration of a reciprocity system will not involve any radical changes in our tariff policy. We are in a position to request and even to demand that heavy import duties shall not be placed upon those articles which are not produced in South America, and for which we desire to enlarge our markets. It would not even be necessary for us to request any special favors, as against the

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countries of Europe. As regards most iron and steel manufactures, we are in a position to compete with Europe when placed on an equal footing.

The Argentine Republic is the only country which might require a reduction of our present schedules as a condition precedent to reciprocity. To secure lower rates on steel rails, wire, builders' hardware, saws and tools, we would probably have to make some concessions in our wool and "animal-skin" schedules. From the point of view of tariff policy, therefore, the conditions of international trade with South America place us in an exceptionally favorable position to enter and even dominate the market in certain classes of commodities. The American market means so much to every South-American country that they cannot afford to refuse to meet us half-way in any propositions favorable to reciprocal trade.

We must not, however, delude ourselves with the idea that a reciprocal tariff policy, no matter how carefully arranged, will suffice to assure the extension of American trade in the southern republics. The most that reciprocity can do is to pave the way for closer commercial relations. American initiative and enterprise must enter the field and win its way in competition with European rivals. In order to meet this competition, we must be prepared to profit by the lessons of European experience.

We cannot expect a large increase in our trade with South America unless it is accompanied by a corresponding investment of American capital in the great quasi-public works, such as railroads, street-railways and electric-lighting plants. One of the reasons for the large exports of machinery of all kinds from England and Germany is the large amount of English and German capital invested in South-American enterprises. American capital has always been extremely reluctant to enter these countries. The equipment for quasi-public works has been purchased in the countries controlling the capital investment. In several cases, the exceptional excellence of American equipment has forced the acceptance of our products, but the handicap, in most cases, is too great to be overcome. In the few instances in which American capital controls these enterprises an exclusive market for American equipment is immediately assured. In order to overcome the distrust of American capitalists a long campaign of education will be necessary. It is true that some of

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the early investments in South-American enterprises were disastrous failures, but most of these were in a spirit of adventure. To-day the situation is totally different. The rapid growth of cities and the growing demand for improved transportation facilities, both urban and interurban, offer opportunities for investments the returns from which are certain to increase with each year.

Furthermore, American manufactures, no matter what their excellence, must be placed before the South-American public with a skill and intelligence at least equal to that which has characterized the English, French and particularly the German expansion of trade. Commercial travellers and business agents must be selected with far greater care than heretofore. They must be men of broad training, commanding the confidence of the merchant and capable of conducting negotiations in the language of the country. We cannot, with impunity, make South America the happy hunting-ground for the inefficient. Business agents in South America must possess social presence, adaptability, and a far larger measure of general culture than in the United States. In these Latin countries much emphasis is laid on social qualities. The really successful foreign business agents are men who combine business capacity with general culture.

With these changes accomplished facts, we shall find accompanying them as necessary consequences, the establishment of improved steamship communications, better banking facilities as well as the extension of our consular system.

The avowed purpose of the recent Pan-American Conference was to cultivate closer relations between the republics of this Continent. This Conference found itself confronted with an extraordinary situation. The sincere desire to promote continental solidarity lacked the necessary commercial background. Much of the actual achievement of the Conference presupposes that the years to come will develop unity of sentiment based upon closer commercial and industrial relations. South America is looking to the United States to aid her in the utilization of her natural resources. If we fail to respond, we will have no one but ourselves to blame; and we need not be surprised if the people of these countries, finding us unwilling to trust them, will respond with the same measure of diffidence and distrust.

L. S. Rowe.

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ESPERANTO IN FRANCE.

BY MARQUIS L. DE BEAUFRONT, PRESIDENT AND FOUNDER OF LA SOCIETE FRANCAISE POUR LA PROPAGATION DE L'ESPERANTO.

ALTHOUGH Esperanto was introduced into France in 1888, one year after its birth, it encountered great difficulties at first. This was due to the fact that here more than elsewhere the idea of an international auxiliary artificial language had been undermined by the fiasco of Volapük. Many people taken in by the grammatical simplicity of that language, which was striking enough, gave it a warm welcome, especially because of the great need it seemed to fill. But when it was found that in practice the words of that tongue were ill-sounding, difficult to enunciate and easy to confuse; that the language was not in the least international, and that, therefore, it was hard to learn except by the severest effort,—when these facts became clear this futile invention was very speedily rejected. Unfortunately the failure of Volapük was somehow identified with the underlying idea itself. Because Volapük failed of its purpose—its very make-up condemned it to failure—people concluded that no other artificial language could ever be a success. As though one abortive attempt of a plan poorly conceived, proved the impossibility of executing a better and a more successful one. At all events, when the present writer introduced Esperanto in France, he encountered nothing but doubt and discouragement. His task was to persuade the doubters and to reawaken the confidence of the discouraged—a double task, far from easy and requiring much time.

We had a plentiful lack of everything: capital, moral support and even books to show what could be done with Esperanto, and from which it could be easily and thoroughly learned.

Being very modest and hoping that at least some one learned

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society might take up his work and complete it, Dr. Zamenhof presented it in one simple pamphlet in which most people saw but the barest outline.

I myself was very tired by twelve years' work upon another international language, Adjuvanto, astonishingly similar to Esperanto, though perhaps inferior to it in many points; I could not therefore devote myself so thoroughly as I should have wished to aiding the cause of my master. Besides, as I have already said, we needed better text-books; we needed time to make them and money to publish them, and we lacked both.

In August, 1892, however, I published the first "Complete Handbook of Esperanto" in French with a double dictionary, and with grammatical notes that strikingly brought out the peculiarities and irregularities of the French language, juxtaposed as they were with the logical and orderly structure of Esperanto. That work, reprinted four times, though now out of print, gave a considerable impetus to our progress in France, and even abroad. Together with the newspaper articles and propaganda pamphlets and leaflets which we printed, it made the first breach in the scepticism that surrounded us on every hand. Besides, I was thenceforth no longer alone in the fight. A recruit, very young, but very valuable, René Lemaire d'Epernay, brought me his help and collaboration for ten years, until 1903, when a serious illness interrupted his labors. His name is well known among the first Esperantists, who owe him so much. But it is only just to introduce him to the more recent Esperantists and to Americans. Thanks to his aid as well as to new recruits won during these four years, we were enabled, in 1898, to found the Society for the Advancement of Esperanto and, simultaneously, the first national review for Esperanto propaganda, "*L'Espérantiste,*" edited in both French and Esperanto. The Society and the paper both tended to concentrate, in France as well as outside of France, all those who were interested. Moreover, they furnished weapons to our friends and caused the formation of national Esperanto organs and societies all over the world, though we except the Russian Esperanto society, "Espero," founded in 1894. That second stage in our progress in France paved the way very effectively for the third stage, which dates from the great Exposition of 1900.

From that time on Esperanto entered upon a new era. When

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it was presented to the different congresses through the efforts of the French Esperantist Society, it kept meeting with sympathy. A number of scholars and, in their turn, university professors, in 1901, began to imitate the eminent Ernest Naville, Swiss correspondent of the Institute of France, who had given us his entire support in 1898, and who, in 1899, had presented the subject of Esperanto to the Academy of Political and Moral Sciences. Later, General Sebert, a member of the Academy of Sciences, and the great mathematician, Charles Méray, called the attention of their colleagues to the work of Dr. Zamenhof at the meeting of April 9, 1901.

The same year the Touring Club gave us priceless support, in that it began a course in Esperanto at its home, and helped, sometimes even pecuniarily, to found Esperanto groups which our Society was establishing in all the large cities of France and in many small ones. These groups, though affiliated with the Society and by it bound together, nevertheless enjoy complete autonomy. One hundred in number, they constitute so many local centres of propaganda and instruction. Indeed, by means of the leaflets and pamphlets which the Society puts at their disposal, by means of lectures and Esperantist celebrations, they keep gaining new adherents. Besides, they give free courses in Esperanto to outsiders as well as to members. Certain of the groups thus conduct four or five different courses for the benefit of their fellow citizens. In Paris every district has its Esperanto class, and sometimes there are three or four classes in one district. These classes have been organized chiefly through the efforts of the vice-president of the French Society, M. Théodore Cart, with the cooperation of the Polytechnic Association. At many of the garrisons Esperantists are conducting classes in barracks, for the War Department of France is very favorable to us. The Minister of War has given his permission to all grades of the army to join the French Esperanto Society, and the Minister of Marine has done the same for the navy. Now we often find lieutenants and captains giving instruction in Esperanto to the men of their garrisons, and many of the officers assist at the meetings, lectures and celebrations of our groups. One of these, Lieutenant Bayol, instructor in the military school at St.-Cyr, has just published, by permission of the Minister of War, a pamphlet entitled "Esperanto and the Red Cross," in which he shows conclusively how

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essential it is that Esperanto be used in the service of that admirable institution. This pamphlet is in process of translation into all the principal languages.

Both the private tutors and the instructors of the University of France are, as a rule, well disposed toward us, and especially are the professors of the living languages, German and English, in our favor. Many of them take charge of our work outside of France, for our society has founded groups at Konakry, Cochin-China, Algeria, Madagascar, etc.

Aside from the general groups open to all, there have been organized in France specializing groups, as, for example, the Medical Esperantist Group of France, presided over by Professor Bouchard of the Academy of Medicine. Also, there are now published technical periodicals in Esperanto, as, for instance, the medical paper "*Medicina Revuo,*" and a scientific review, "*Internacia Scienca Revuo.*"

The Municipality of Paris, by way of showing its interest in Esperanto, has voted a money-grant to our Society. Many municipal councils in France have done the like for their local groups, or else they have given the use of a school or town hall for meetings and classes.

A number of Deputies have brought the question of introducing Esperanto into the secondary schools before the French Parliament, and the Municipal Council of Paris has appointed a special Commission to report upon a proposal of some of its members to teach Esperanto in the higher primary schools.

A large number of college presidents, and among them M. E. Boirac, Rector of the University of Dijon, president of the Linguistic Committee established by Dr. Zamenhof upon the request of all Esperantists, are entirely favorable to our cause, and are doing all they can for it at their various seats of learning.

The first Esperanto Congress, which was so successfully held in August, 1905, at Boulogne-sur-Mer, and the second, no less successful, which was held at Geneva in 1906 and where the United States was represented by three delegates, have given considerable impetus to our progress in France, for they have completely eliminated the objection that Esperantists are always combating,—namely, that Esperantists of different nationalities could not understand one another. How better could this objection be nullified than by the spectacle presented to a whole city and repre-

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sentatives of the French and foreign press by 1,500 Esperantists of twenty-eight different nationalities, who delivered addresses, recited monologues, sang songs, produced plays in Esperanto and conversed by means of it for days without a shadow of difficulty, as though it were their mother tongue? What better supporting argument is needed than that those who heard these things could scarcely notice any difference in pronunciation among all these Esperantists gathered from all over the world? The resistance we encounter nowadays is not of the sort that impedes our progress; rather does it advertise our cause.

I am not given to illusions, and I have had twenty years of experience in fighting for our cause; and upon mature consideration I consider that my country has been conquered by Esperanto. Some efforts, no doubt, must still be made to teach the language to all of those who might use it in their divers international relations, be they scientific, commercial or otherwise; but that is now merely a question of time. We shall now go on all the more rapidly after early difficulties. In token of this I have men of all kinds and conditions, from the scholar to the working-man, who come to us in France in constantly increasing numbers and furnish us not only with recruits, but also with apostles. Comparing the past with the present, and taking everything into account, I believe that in less than ten years France, with millions of Esperantists, will have fully adopted this great project of an artificial international language, which Max Müller declares wholly feasible, and Esperanto as the best solution of the problem.

I am certain, moreover, that the great nation of the United States, with its admirable sense for the practical, will not remain indifferent to that question. Already it has become greatly interested, and the fact that THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW brings its support is manifestly significant. Since that country does everything quickly and effectually, we count upon it much to stimulate the work of proselytizing begun by her old friend, France—a work now so well under way. Before fifteen years have passed, if the United States joins hands with us, all the civilized world will possess, aside from the national languages, an auxiliary international language *easily accessible to all*—Esperanto.

L. DE BEAUFRONT.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED.

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER, HAMILTON W. MABIE AND CHRISTIAN GAUSS.

"THE BELOVED VAGABOND."*

To a certain uncritical type of mind, the most effective endorsement that can be given a new author is to measure him in terms of some standard writer, to call him a second Thackeray, a younger Dickens, a successor to Trollope. But there are to-day so many mediocrities content to flicker with a borrowed light, that one of the rarest and most welcome experiences is to come across a writer who does not obviously show the influence of any author later than the seventeenth century, a book that is not quite like any other book that we have ever read. Yet when this pleasant experience does occur, there is a temptation to be almost too lavish with one's praise. In the case of such a book as "The Belovéd Vagabond" it is not quite wise to give a free rein to one's appreciation.

To imply that Mr. Locke is, in the strict sense of the phrase, a new author, would be misleading. In such leisure hours as his duties as Secretary to the Royal Institute of British Architects leave him, he has produced during the past decade no less than ten novels, one of which, "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," has been dramatized and has proved to be one of the successes of the present London season. Of these ten books, there is not one that is actually mediocre, not one that is lacking in originality and promise. And yet it would have taken a critical acumen little short of inspiration to predict from the author of "Derelicts" and "Idols" a work of such fineness, such paradoxical humor, such whimsical tenderness, as "The Belovéd

* "The Belovéd Vagabond." By William J. Locke. New York: John Lane Co.

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Vagabond." Considering how far he has moved forward, even from his excellent "Marcus Ordeyne" of a year ago, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that Mr. Locke has just begun to write.

The trouble hitherto seems to have been that Mr. Locke did not quite understand wherein his real strength lay. He squandered his energy upon plot construction, instead of fostering his unique gift for creating characters. It is true that he often idealizes his men and women, and yet they remain convincing because he makes them so wonderfully human in all the little every-day happenings that are yet so vital. It is in his plots that a latent vein of undisciplined romanticism now and again betrays itself. In real life, men and women do not immolate themselves upon the altars of love and friendship with quite such Quixotic rashness. Unlike Jimmie Padgate, in "Where Love Is," men do not publicly brand themselves cowards and seducers, in order to spare the women they love the knowledge of a rival's baseness; unlike Irene Merriam, in "Idols," women do not bear false witness to their own dishonor, even to save an innocent man from the gallows; unlike Paragot, in "The Belovéd Vagabond," accepted suitors in the real workaday world do not consent to abandon the woman they love, on the very night of their betrothal, pass out of her life without a word of explanation, and pledge their honor never to seek her again, even to spare her the shame of knowing that her father is a thief.

A distinction, however, may be drawn, largely in favor of "The Belovéd Vagabond." In his earlier volumes, Mr. Locke carefully held in reserve his most flagrant improbability for his dramatic climax. In his latest story, all unlikelihood of plot belongs to the vague, remote past; it is a sort of condition precedent, upon which the whole structure of the narrative rests, but it is nowhere deliberately flaunted in your face. Indeed, the precise details of a ten-year-old estrangement do not greatly matter. All that we really need to know is that somewhere in the background of the life of Mr. Locke's delectable Vagabond there is a Dream Lady, *aux petits pieds si adorés;* that for her sake he cut himself off from fame and fortune and love, and voluntarily became a nameless wanderer, a human derelict. Of the early years of his rovings, we receive nothing but a vague impression of strange, bizarre shifts of fortune; fugitive, tantalizing glimpses of him, now in Warsaw, leading a trained bear

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through the streets; now in Prague, comfortably lodged with a professional burglar; and again in Verona, learning the trade of coffin-maker, and briskly driving home the nails, to the inspiring strains of "Funiculi, Funiculá." But it is not until much later, not until he adopts a wretched little London waif, whom he christens Asticot, that we begin to have a coherent chronicle of the wanderings of Berzélius Nibbidard Paragot.

To attempt to give at second hand an adequate idea of the whimsical charm of "The Belovéd Vagabond" is at best a disconcerting task. To call it odd, bizarre, unique, paradoxical, full of unexpected humor and irony, is still not to explain its peculiar appeal. It is something more than "a *picaresco* romance compared with which that of Gil Blas were the tale of wanderings around a village pump"; it is more even than the story of a man who lived for years in a hopeless dream, not guessing that happiness lay all the time within easy reach of his hand; it is a book full of nostalgia for wide spaces, breathing-room for body and for mind. If you have in you any germ of the "Wanderlust," any fugitive desire to throw off the trammels of convention, you must find a rare delight in "The Belovéd Vagabond."

And yet the book, like its title, remains essentially a paradox. Paragot is not merely a threadbare, penniless wanderer, living from hand to mouth, happy if only there are "two sous for bread and two to throw to a dog,"—but he has fallen into evil ways. He has lost something of the rudimentary sense of decency; his straggling hair is a stranger to comb and brush; his hands and nails are often in need of the simple ministrations of soap and water; his craving for the consolation that lurks in absinthe has grown upon him until it is a nightly problem whether he will be able to find his way unaided to bed. And yet, by the sheerest *tour de force,* you are made to overlook his lapses and irregularities. We see him always through the adoring eyes of the two companions of his wanderings,—Asticot, who chronicles their adventures, and Blanquette de Veau, the big, ungainly, slow-witted peasant girl, who gives him the dumb devotion of a dog.

Of course one knows almost from the beginning that this odd companionship, this bizarre Odyssey from one end of Europe to another, must come to an end; one foresees that sooner or later fate will relent and not only restore to Paragot his real name and station, but also give him back his lost Joanna, of the *petits*

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pieds si adorés. Any writer less thoroughly an artist than Mr. Locke might here have blundered, not realizing that the change had come too late, that Paragot had lived too long in his vagabondage, had grown too intolerant of conventions ever to take up his old life again, even for the sake of a Dream Lady. Nothing in the book is more whimsically, more refreshingly real than the incongruity of Paragot in snug frock coat, wrinkling across his expansive chest; Paragot with gloves and umbrella; Paragot sedately accepting tea and cigarettes, in place of his accustomed absinthe and his pipe; Paragot revolting against the unbearable smugness of a little English village, and suddenly awakening to the painful knowledge that the real Joanna was no longer the Woman of the Dream.

Undoubtedly there are some readers who will quarrel with the final solution of the story, the solution that Asticot discovered, and that filled Paragot with undisguised amazement. "*Nom de Dieu!* but it is colossal, that idea! And I never thought of it, though it has been staring me in the face!" Yet the beauty of it is that it really solves everything, and transforms into a reasonable being one whose golden rule has hitherto been that "the man who lives according to reason has the heart of a sewing-machine." Listen to the embodied wisdom of the Belovéd Vagabond, after he had found the Reality of Things:

"I have found it, my son. It is a woman, strong and steadfast, who looks into your eyes; who can help a man to accomplish his destiny. The destiny of man is to work, and to beget strong children. And his reward is to have the light in the wife's eyes and the welcome of a child's voice as he crosses the threshold of his house."

There is many a novelist, much better known, who might well envy Mr. Locke the privilege of having written "The Belovéd Vagabond."

FREDERIC TABER COOPER.

"THE CAMBRIDGE APOSTLES."*

THOSE people who imagine that men of genius are always jealous, irritable, irresponsible in friendship and given to backbiting will find Mrs. Brookfield's entertaining reports and characterizations of "The Cambridge Apostles" corrective of traditional misconceptions. It is preeminently a record of ardent affec-

* "The Cambridge Apostles." By Frances M. Brookfield. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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tions and life-long friendships; a picture of a group of variously gifted men whose interchange of thought and wit went on in an atmosphere of personal regard which evoked the most intimate and characteristic expression not only of sober conviction, but of the gayest humor and the most irresponsible wit. The words which Lord Houghton wrote of these brilliant and merry companions might well be inscribed on the title-page of Mrs. Brookfield's book: "friends whom growing time keeps dear." The tradition of this generous loyalty to one another is one of the happiest possessions of the Victorian age in English writing.

In the year 1820 there were among the undergraduates of St. John's, Cambridge, a little group of ardent spirits eager for a more generous intellectual life than the University offered, and for a more vital relation with thought and art than their tutors and lecturers gave them; and, as has happened many times in academic life, they found what they sought and much else besides by making common capital of their hopes and aspirations. Twelve of them organized a society with the unpromising name of "Cambridge Conversazione Society," met once a week, wrote and read essays to one another on subjects in which their interest was keen and carried on animated discussions not only at formal gatherings, but from hour to hour in their rooms, coming into the closest intimacy through the invigorating and untrammelled contact of mind with mind. They were gloriously young in hope, faith and enthusiasm; the distressing senility of emotion and interest which has prematurely aged a certain type of contemporary undergraduate, to whom rigid impassivity is the height of good form, did not touch them then or later. The talk ranged over the whole field of human interests, was unfettered by intellectual conventions, took small account of hoary traditions, and brought ancient opinions of all kinds to judgment with uncompromising audacity. Through theology, politics, science, poetry they roamed at will; ardent, impetuous, generous-minded; hating humbug and anything that savored of the "pill"; enthusiastically modern and ready to walk with any one who was seeking the truth.

If they were somewhat sure of themselves and of their opinions no body of young men ever had more to justify their confidence; for among them were Tennyson, Sterling, Alford, Maurice, Spedding, Hallam, Milnes, Trench, Thirlwall, Merivale, the two Lushingtons, Buller, Brookfield. They represented many colleges,

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and there was such abundance of good material at the University that every man among them brought some contribution of talent and reputation to the society. Their ardor and enthusiasm won them the name which they made famous by a great variety of achievements, the "Apostles"; a term of kindly raillery in its inception and accepted with high composure. The life of an "Apostle" at that time was, as Carlyle says, "an ardently speculative and talking one." On Saturday evenings they met in one another's rooms, "sported the oak," ate anchovies on toast, drank coffee, read their essays and talked with magnificent disregard of time and circumstance:

> "Where once we held debate, a band
> Of youthful friends, on mind and art,
> And labour and the changing mart,
> And all the framework of the land."

They were saved from priggishness by sheer ability and by a wealth of humor which makes the reader of Mrs. Brookfield's book envious of the privileges of their fellowship. Through their most serious discussions there ran a vein of wit which toppled over many a high-piled speculation and eased the strain of didacticism. The fun was as fast and furious as the debate, but it was the fun of able and cultivated men. Kemble, one of their profoundest philosophers, put into a sentence the range of their speculations and the lightness of their mood: "The world is one great thought, and I am thinking it." At two o'clock in the morning on one occasion Heath talked such nonsense that Thompson, afterward Master of Trinity, poured a shower of salt on his head!

The grace of humor was as marked in this group of men as the grace of loyalty; they were always going back to Cambridge to reunions or planning to meet one another in London; and they never ceased to be witty. W. H. Brookfield, eloquent beyond almost any man of his time, sought after by the most interesting people, with the world at his feet, so to speak, never lost his head or his spontaneous humor. His letters are full of the gayety which made him the delight of his friends. He reports that he saw engraved on the gate of a "Puseyite" church the words: "This is the gate of Heaven," and pasted below a notice from the Beadle: "In consequence of the inclemency of the weather this gate is closed until further notice." As Inspector of Schools

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Mr. Brookfield enlivened his reports with incidents of a kind that must have given joy to the Privy Council Office. He records the extraordinary answers made by children. "Julius Cæsar," according to one boy, "was an eminent Roman Catholic descended from a high plebeian family." "Great advances in civilization," wrote a first-year teacher, "were made in Elizabeth's time, but still poor Mr. Lee, a clergyman of Northampton, broke his heart because not one in a hundred wore stockings." He found himself at dinner next a pretty, talkative but not very well-instructed young lady, who fell upon Tennyson because "all his ideas are alike," and wanted to know what he meant by the "eggs of the Moon." Mr. Brookfield said, gravely, "You mean the lines—

> "'All addled, like the stale eggs of the Moon
> Smelt in the music of the nightingale.'

The nightingale only lays one egg a month, and hers are therefore called Moon's Eggs."

"Ah, I understand it *now,* but I never did before you repeated it!"

The lines she had in mind were from "Aylmer's Field":

> "But where a passion yet unborn, perhaps,
> Lay hidden as the music of the moon
> Sleeps in the plain eggs of the nightingale."

Mrs. Brookfield's book is not important if importance attaches only to connected narratives of grave events or formal biography; if, on the other hand, side-lights on a large group of the most interesting men of their time are of consequence, the "Cambridge Apostles" has more value than many much more pretentious volumes. It is loosely put together and not always carefully written, but it is starred with great names and full of delightful glimpses of that rare kind and quality of society which charms, refreshes and liberates. It is rich in anecdotes of Carlyle, Thackeray, Tennyson, Spedding, Hallam, Sterling, Maurice, Milnes and of men like Gladstone, Brougham, Fitzgerald. These stories are so often illustrative of temperament and character that they give the reader a pleasant sense of being on easy terms with great people. So much has been said about Tennyson's gruff manners and speech that it is a pleasure to hear him saying, *à propos* of the offer of the Laureateship: "In the end I ac-

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cepted the honor because during dinner Venables told me that if I became Poet Laureate I should always, when I dined out, be offered the liver wing of the chicken." Tennyson described with some acidity in an early poem, "A Character," Sunderland, one of the most brilliant men at Cambridge. When the latter was told that he was the person the poet had in mind he said: "Oh, really? And *which* Tennyson did you say wrote it? The slovenly one?"

Mrs. Brookfield, to whom Thackeray wrote some of those characteristic notes in which every line is a stroke of art, has written a book of rare interest largely in the words of the men she describes; so much of their speech is imbedded in her narrative, that the only adequate account of her book must be mainly a matter of quotation.

HAMILTON W. MABIE.

BRUNETIERE'S BALZAC.*

BRUNETIERE'S volume in the French Men of Letters Series will mark an important epoch in the history of Balzac. The creator of the "Human Comedy" is here acknowledged as the greatest novelist in all literature; the most considerable factor in the evolution not only of the novel itself, but also of later criticism and history. With novelists themselves and with the reading public generally the tide had long since turned in his favor. Yet French criticism proper has been slow to accept Balzac as literature. This is a more serious matter than might appear at first blush; for we have Brunetière's own authority for the statement that "In France, the adoption of an author by university criticism usually sanctions him as a writer; and, at all events, it puts him in the way of becoming a classic."

The book will certainly arouse much controversy. There are whole chapters that ring like a challenge, and many who will accept the author's conclusions will refuse to follow him through the steps of his demonstration. It has from the first been a temperamental impossibility for Brunetière to understand the attitude of those who differed with him. This is the secret of his strength, of his originality, of his pugnacity, of his dogmatism, and frequent accusations. For him in questions of æsthetics there

* "Honoré de Balzac," by Ferdinand Brunetière. The French Men of Letters Series. Edited by Alexander Jessup, Litt.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co., 1906.

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can be but one honest and correct judgment. He is, as we shall see presently, capable of writing a volume like the present searching study to prove that in making a very strong critical pronouncement, he is saying "nothing but the absolute and exact truth." It is this that makes him interesting. It is this, too, that in spite of his theory of the critic's impersonality makes him unfair. In the present case he is particularly unfair to the romanticists and refuses to acknowledge for Balzac any serious indebtedness to them. Yet they had at least fought in France the War of Liberation; passion and imagination were now to have their sway, and Balzac certainly enjoyed the freedom they had won. Nay, more, his stupendous conceptions, "The Quest of the Absolute," "The Wild Ass's Skin," Grandet's tremendous fortune, are essentially romantic. And if he did not write like the masters of that school, it was not because he did not lust for their styles or because he was above copying sentence after sentence and paragraph after paragraph from their nimblest craftsman, Théophile Gautier. Those who are interested can find a fairly complete record of these borrowings in the study of that ardent Balzacian, Lovenjoul ("*Histoire des Œuvres de Balzac,*" p. 397). Although the book, as Brunetière's bibliography shows, was known to him, he passes these facts in silence. And yet they are interesting. Not because they take us behind the scenes and reveal a petty theft. Indeed, it may very well have been done with Gautier's connivance, for it was this same generous "Théo" who contributed the good verses that were to appear in Balzac's "Lost Illusions." It is interesting because it throws light upon the question of Balzac's style. This is the side of his work which we feel Brunetière has not treated adequately. We admire Balzac. We agree that he is the greatest novelist in all history. And let us be just to this titanic opifex. Literature can count no more devoted slave. He carried an enormous stick with a turquoise head on which he had engraved the motto of a Sultan, "I am a demolisher of obstacles." He is familiar to all posterity in his long Dominican frock, with its gold chain about his waist, working like one of the Cyclops under his seven-branched candlestick from midnight to morning, sustaining himself with long draughts of coffee. Brunetière is right in transferring to him the phrase Michelet had applied to Dumas. He was a "force of nature." What tremendous labors these were, we can learn from

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a contemporary who had often seen him at work. Perhaps in this case the admirer has sacrificed a little of the strict truth in the interest of the picturesque:

"Then there began a struggle more terrible than the struggle of Jacob with the Angel, that of the form and the idea. In these battles of every night, from which he emerged exhausted but a conqueror in the morning, when the spent fire made the air of his room cold, his head smoked and from his body a visible mist was exhaled as from a horse's body in winter."

It is almost necessary to say that this is not given by its author as caricature, but in all seriousness as an authentic portrait. It is a matter of record that he wrote and rewrote his proofs ten and twelve times, and that each time they were so full of lines and stars and crosses that they looked like a piece of fireworks. He cannot therefore be accused of negligence or carelessness. Yet it is not the duty of the critic to praise us for our good intentions, and even of these Brunetière says nothing. The fact remains that Balzac often could and did write badly, he could on occasion write execrably, and the casual reader can convince himself of this by glancing at the opening paragraph of "The Lily in the Valley," which even Taine, its author's champion, was forced to ridicule. Brunetière himself reproduces it in part. Yet what is his verdict on this man's style? "Style," we are told, "is a quality previously reputed literary," and of Balzac, "He wrote neither well nor badly, he wrote as he had to." The philosophy of determinism is beginning to lose itself in words. If this is true of Balzac is it not also true of the meanest hewer of wood and drawer of water in the literary world? Shall we no longer say that in comparison with Gautier, whom he tried so hard to imitate, in comparison with Hugo, with Mérimée, with George Sand, Balzac wrote badly? To have succeeded finally in climbing Boileau's Parnassus against such staggering odds, should, in a sense, redound to the greater glory of Balzac.

If, then, the "method" is occasionally discomfiting and unfair, the conclusions are certainly noteworthy. Brunetière has gone farther even than Taine. This is his thesis:

"If it be true of Molière that he was not only the greatest of comic authors, but 'comedy' itself, it may be said of Balzac that he was not only the greatest, the most fertile and diverse of our novelists, but the 'novel' itself; and the object of the present vol-

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ume is to show that in saying this *I say nothing but the absolute and exact truth.*"

It is the fullest recognition that Balzac has yet received from technical criticism. It is, furthermore, a profound study of the evolution of the novel. Balzac created the "type" and succeeding novelists have accepted it as their pattern. The critic agrees that he often failed egregiously, and with much discrimination separates the failures from the masterpieces. In cases where he did fail, however, Brunetière usually absolves the creator of the "Human Comedy" by loading his sins upon the scapegoat Romanticism, and once again, not without a certain sense of triumph, driving that unclean beast into the desert. One must be on his guard against Brunetière's prejudices, for with him they have all become convictions. As a critic he is remarkable, not for his fairness, but for the strength and originality of his conceptions. By a single illuminating judgment, he repeatedly throws a long light down a dark vista of literary history, and his erudition is astounding. In that most admirable study, which, we believe, will be his monument, "The Evolution of Lyric Poetry in France," he was still willing to take his scientific terminology metaphorically, as it were. Unfortunately he seems now to have gone a step farther, and in spite of his protest to the contrary, must demand its literal acceptance. He considers his subject-matter exactly as would a natural scientist. Having spoken of Balzac as a force of nature, he treats his work as the product of unconscious nature. There is very little, too little we should say, about Balzac himself. Of his style we saw that he can tell us that "he wrote as he had to." This ceases to be adequate, and we fear that the law is being fulfilled, that a theory is at last claiming as its martyr a great critic. Interesting and important as his book is, we feel that it would have carried farther had its author never become involved in literary Darwinism. By his recent death France has lost her greatest critic since Taine, and his place cannot be taken by any of his contemporaries.

CHRISTIAN GAUSS.

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WORLD-POLITICS.

PARIS: WASHINGTON.

PARIS, *January, 1907.*

FOR the first time since it has been the business of Republican Parliaments to vote the Budget, that is to say, since five-and-thirty years, the Chamber has managed to be ready with it against the beginning of the year. Week in, week out, on week-days and Sundays, by day and by night, these industrious gentlemen heard, discussed and shuffled off clause after clause with such feverish energy, that a few days before Christmas the whole thing could be sent up to the Senate. Religious questions, Moroccan questions, financial difficulties, etc., now and again had broken in upon the Budget-makers, but they were dismissed one after the other with as much contempt as in other years they would have attracted attention. The motive of this marvellous zeal was made apparent in the beginning of December when the Chamber, first in a sly, underhand manner, but a few days later with undaunted outspokenness, approved a brief clause raising the Deputy's salary or, as it is called, indemnity, from 1,800 to 3,000 dollars a year.

Unfortunately, the Budget thus hurried through does not hang together very satisfactorily. M. Poincaré, the immediate predecessor of the present Minister of Finance, whose interference I have had already to notice, pointed out in the "*Matin*" that its apparent balance had been obtained by such tricks as, for instance, pretending that thirty-eight million dollars employed in military preparations when the Moroccan question made a war with Germany an awful probability appertained to the Budget of 1905. The calmness of the country in presence of a disclosure of this kind shows how indifferent to public affairs the ordinary Frenchman is and will probably still long remain.

The dread of a war with Germany may be latent, but it is real;

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and is, so to speak, the background against which nine Frenchmen out of ten see political developments. The topic crops up instantly in conversations and finds its way even into the most serious circles. The departure of the French and Spanish squadrons for Tangier brought about an alarming symptom which elicited endless comment. For several weeks, the Banque de France was almost the only one that would pay in gold, and the nervousness generally attending the appearance of too much paper gained even in commercial circles. Meanwhile M. Jaurès repeatedly warned the Chamber of the danger in which France placed herself by sending a squadron off Tangier without being absolutely certain of at least the permission of Germany. The Socialist leader is, in consequence of his views, averse to wars, but there would be something humiliating in his perpetually acting the part of Cassandra, if he had not a special reason of his own for deprecating a rub with Germany which I heard him state openly a few weeks ago in the Trocadéro. The German Emperor is, in M. Jaurès's opinion, the only German who would gain by a war, as war alone could effectually stop the quickly rising Socialist wave which he fears more than everything else. M. Jaurès concludes that it would be as foolish on the part of the old *parti de la revanche* as on that of the Socialists to let France be drawn into a conflict that would be sure to prevent a revolution in Germany, as the German Revolution will serve as well the humanitarian aspirations of the Socialists as those of the patriots. This Socialist standpoint may be cynical, but it is cleverly chosen, and the theories of Jaurès obscurely appeal to many a Frenchman of the old school who abhors his Socialism.

M. Clémenceau is too much of a patriot to side with the Socialists in their antimilitarism, but he promised, on taking office, that he would carry out several of their social reforms and he has kept his word. One of the first items on the Socialist or Radical-Socialist professions of faith was the nationalization of railways and mines. This great undertaking is now begun. The Chamber has voted the buying back of the Western Railway, and a committee is at present preparing the details of this difficult financial operation. The Western Railway Company was naturally not in favor of nationalization. Its privilege was to have lasted a hundred years, and it opposed with all its might its violent revocation. The Government in its desire to propitiate the Socialists would

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have taken this measure in any circumstances, but it was glad of a pretext likely to win the public over to it. Whoever has travelled down the lines to Brittany and the West coast must have noticed and cursed the incredible laxity with which the service is carried on. The present writer, once inquiring of the station-master of an important junction in Brittany at what time the fast train passed through, was answered in the coolest tone that it passed *about* nine o'clock. The Minister of Public Works enlarged on this deplorable state of affairs and promised great punctuality when the State was sole shareholder and engineer. People with an experience of the few lines already worked by the State will not take this statement too sanguinely. The French State is a poor engineer as it is a bad match-maker, and only a tolerable though by no means a cheap tobacconist. But this side of the question is only trifling. The nationalization of this individual line is significant above all as being a threat not only to the other railway companies, but also to the mines and to all the larger industries. Clearly neither the Socialists nor the Government quite realize the feeling of distrust that such an action must inevitably create, and the danger resulting from the migration of capital seems to them a Conservative bugbear.

Parliamentary debates on these questions are often a mere comedy. For instance, the Chamber has adopted in principle and examined with the greatest attention five or six Income-tax Bills and two or three Old-age Pensions Bills, in the firm belief that the Senate would wisely undo what they had done. The commission named by the Senate to examine the Bill relative to the Western Railway had already given a by no means flattering appreciation of the work done by the Lower Assembly, and the Deputies do not seem to take much to heart their seniors' disparagement. They probably expect the Bill to be returned to them with no end of criticism and do not mind. Both Chambers were brought by Jaurès's untiring efforts to pass a law on compulsory weekly rest, but the law would soon be made null and void by numberless exceptions and exemptions if the Socialists were not on their guard constantly.

I did not expect two months ago, when stating the temporary solution proposed by M. Briand to the problem of the legal situation of the Church, that another solution would so soon become necessary.

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In the beginning of August, the Pope having forbidden the French Bishops to form Associations for worship, the law of 1905 on Disestablishment became useless—seeing that most of its regulations rested on the existence of Associations—and another law had to be devised. The Minister of Public Worship, M. Briand, thought it possible to give a legal *status* to the Church without taking the trouble of remodelling his law. He proposed to the Chamber to leave everything as it was for another year, during which the Bishops, or rather the Pope, might possibly reconsider their decision, and in the mean time the property held by the cathedrals, churches, seminaries, etc., should not be confiscated at once as the law of 1905, loudly demanded by the old Combes party, said it should be, but it was to be left dormant until the year was out. As to the churches themselves, they were to be left, not in the possession, but at the disposal of the parish priests, provided a yearly declaration was made to the police that religious meetings were to be held in them. Naturally the French clergy resented the withdrawal from their hands of property which is their own and not the State's, and amounting to eighty-five million dollars. On the other hand, M. Jaurès found himself at one with the Catholic Jurists to point out that religious services have nothing in common with public meetings and ought not to be regulated by the same law. He also insisted that the Minister had no right to legislate by circulars, and suggested the repeal pure and simple of the formality of declaration. In spite of the fundamental inapplicability of the declaration, the Clergy were preparing to make it almost everywhere, and several Bishops had already issued orders to that effect when, on December 2nd, M. Briand sent round a circular—inspired no doubt by the Radicals who incessantly canvass him in the Lobby—ordering that the seminaries, about a hundred and sixty in number, should immediately be vacated by their present occupants, and were not on any account to be let to them. This, and perhaps a violently atheistic address of M. Viviani, the new Minister of Labor, once more gave the Pope the impression that the Government is only liberal in speech, and strengthened the distrust which I have so often pointed out as the main spring of his action regarding France. A week later a telegram from Rome prohibited the declaration.

I need not recount how this prohibition enraged the Radicals

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and irritated M. Clémenceau to a degree of nervousness to which he had never been wrought up since he took office, how orders were given to expel Mgr. Montagnini, the ex-secretary of the Nuncio and to seize his papers, and how the Bishops were turned out of their Palaces at a few hours' notice. The emotion raised by these proceedings was recorded in the press of the whole world and cannot be already forgotten.

For a few days the Government seemed unable to recover from its exasperation, and tried to carry on an impossible method of enforcing the law by sending every morning the police into every church and chapel where services were held without a previous declaration. However, M. Briand, who is composure itself, soon realized that no police can cope with forty thousand daily outrages of a purely religious character, and made up his mind to submit another law to the Chambers. This law was improvised in a day or two by the Minister, and voted by both the Chamber and Senate in one short sitting. A measure taken with such precipitation in such disturbed circumstances concerning so difficult a subject can have no pretentions to finality, and its author was the first to own that it is full of gaps which are obscure and perhaps contradictory. M. Briand consoled the Chamber by reminding them that a law can always be bettered by another, and that no less than fifteen Bills were passed in the year 1795 concerning ecclesiastical organization. As this is by no means a cheering statement and is likely to depress the foreign reader who is interested in the future of religion in France more than he probably is already by the intricacy of the legislation, I will briefly sum up the law itself.

The new law leaves absolutely no property to the Church. Whatever it possessed is made over to municipal charities and the churches themselves—including two thousand new ones built in the last thirty years exclusively with Catholic contributions—are declared municipal property. Yet the churches — unless abandoned by the Clergy or left out of repair—cannot be sold or used by the Parishes for other than purposes of worship: the priest is to use them, not as owner nor even as tenant, but as natural occupant. In order to secure this juridical claim upon the sacred buildings, the clergy must come to some sort of agreement with the municipal authorities. This agreement rests either on a declaration of public meetings to be held in the

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church or in the existence of an Association especially formed by the priest under the law of 1901, but with several reservations of an exceptional, not to say an unjust, character. On the whole the Government throws the burden of regulating the church organization on the municipalities; consequently, the arrangements will be easy or difficult, according to the local contingencies, and a great many churches will probably be closed on various pretexts by individual mayors. Petty vexations will be numerous.

WASHINGTON, *February, 1907.*

ALTHOUGH some sixteen months must pass before the meeting of the next Republican National Convention, there are already several avowed candidates for the Republican nomination for the Presidency, and their friends have begun active campaigns on their behalf. We refer to Secretary of the Treasury Shaw, of Iowa, who will retire from his present office on March 4th, to Mr. Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois, Speaker of the House of Representatives and to Vice-President Fairbanks, of Indiana. There is no doubt that a good deal of work has been done for Secretary Shaw. A Republican State convention of Virginia has declared itself in his favor, and he is said to have had delegates promised him from Florida, North Carolina and one or two other Southern States. As those promises, however, appear to have been secured by special agents of the Treasury Department, they may not be kept after Mr. Cortelyou takes possession of Mr. Shaw's present office. There is no doubt that Mr. Cortelyou will support with all the influence at his command the Administration's candidate, whether this should be Secretary Taft or another. To those persons who are inclined to look upon Mr. Shaw's candidacy seriously, it is pointed out that, unless he can win over Governor Cummins, who is a tariff revisionist, the present Secretary of the Treasury, who hitherto has been accounted an inflexible Standpatter, would have no chance of obtaining the delegation from his native State. On the whole, it is doubtful whether he will figure conspicuously, if at all, in the Republican National Convention. The same objection cannot be urged against Speaker Cannon, who, unquestionably, is a "favorite son," and will be backed zealously by the Illinois delegation. His age is against him, however, for on March 4th, 1909, he will be seventy-three years old. We have never previously had but one President who had even

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reached the age of sixty-eight at the date of his inauguration, and that was William Henry Harrison, who, about a month thereafter, died in the White House. Zachary Taylor, who was sixty-five when he took the oath of office, died early in the second year of his term. James Buchanan, who was sixty-six when he became President, managed to serve out his term, but the precedent is not encouraging. Vice-President Fairbanks, on the other hand, is but six years older than President Roosevelt, and will have only reached the age of fifty-seven in March, 1909. That he will have the Indiana delegation nobody disputes, although Mr. Harry S. New, of that State, at present the Acting Chairman of the Republican National Committee, is by no means a friend of his. It is certain that Mr. Fairbanks is acceptable to the Stand-patters and to many representatives of railway interests. Among his avowed and zealous advocates are Senator Hemmenway, of Indiana; Senator Scott, of West Virginia; Mr. Charles G. Dawes, of Chicago, who was Comptroller of the Currency in the first McKinley Administration; Mr. D. G. Reid and W. B. Leeds of the Rock Island Railroad Company and Mr. E. H. Harriman of the Southern Pacific and Union Pacific railways. The friends of Mr. Fairbanks look for support not only to a section of the Central West and to Pennsylvania, but also to the States on the Pacific slope, which are now considered unlikely to favor any candidate put forward by the Administration, and to the colored delegates from Southern States, who are believed to have been alienated from Mr. Roosevelt by the Brownsville incident. What darkens the Vice-President's prospect of the Republican nomination is the grave doubt touching his availability. Some of his warmest friends are alleged to have admitted that he probably would be beaten by Mr. Bryan, were there only two candidates in the field, and they are presumed to base their hope of success on the assumption that Mr. Hearst will accept a nomination from the Independence League, and thus divide the Democratic votes. Meanwhile, clear-sighted onlookers opine that, if the Republicans want to make sure of winning, they must nominate a man known to approve of Mr. Roosevelt's policies, such a man, for example, as Secretary Taft or Senator La Follette of Wisconsin or Governor Hughes of New York.

Republican and Democratic Senators express widely different views of the amendment (supposed to have been framed by

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Secretary Root), which, on February 16th, the Senate, by almost a strictly party vote, added to the Immigration bill. The amendment is based on the assumption that the Tokio Government is sincere in its assertion that, while it has issued passports for its subjects wishing to emigrate to Hawaii or the Philippines, it does not desire them to settle on the American mainland. If the assumption be well founded—which, by the way, is denied in a telegram from Tokio to the London "Times"—the Mikado's Ministers will not resent, but welcome the amendment above mentioned, which provides that, whenever the President shall be satisfied that passports issued by any foreign government to its citizens to go to any country other than the United States, or to any insular possession of the United States, or to the canal zone, are being used for the purpose of enabling the holders to come to the continental territory of the United States, to the detriment of labor conditions there, the President may refuse to permit such citizens of the country issuing such passports to enter the continental territory of the United States from such other country, or from such insular possessions, or from the canal zone. That this amendment does not violate the treaty concluded between Japan and the United States in 1904 is evident for two reasons, first, because, on its face, the amendment does not discriminate against Japan, but is applicable to all nations; and, secondly, because the second article of the treaty just named expressly excepts from the operation of the compact any legislation regarding immigration which either of the signatories may previously have enacted or may hereafter enact. As a matter of fact, however, the President is known to have no intention of exercising the power conferred on him by the amendment, in the case of the subjects of any foreign Government except the Japanese. The power is notoriously given to him for the sole purpose of excluding Japanese laborers from California and other States on the Pacific coast, in consideration of which exclusion the San Francisco School Board has agreed to admit Japanese pupils of suitable age to all the public schools of that city. Meanwhile Chinese pupils will continue to be segregated in a particular school building. The feeling with which Democratic Senators regard what is virtually a bargain between President Roosevelt and the San Francisco School Board was expressed forcibly by Senator E. W. Carmack of Tennessee. The significance of the bargain

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is, in Mr. Carmack's opinion, that a foreign Power has browbeaten the Government of the United States, and browbeaten a sovereign State of our Union into a surrender of its right to control its own affairs. The Senator from Tennessee went on to charge that, while the attitude of our Federal Government toward California, as evinced in a President's Message, has been harsh and offensive to the last degree, its attitude toward Japan has been obsequious and almost pusilanimous. He criticised the conduct of the President in this business, on the ground that, while he had spoken softly to a foreign Power, he had brandished a big stick over the backs of his own people. The amendment to the Immigration bill had no other purpose, Mr. Carmack declared, but to arm the Federal Executive with the means of coercing the people of a sovereign State into a surrender of their Constitutional right to regulate their own public schools.

There is no doubt that a considerable change has been observed in public opinion at the Federal capital with regard to the San Francisco school question, since the publication of the exact official text of the treaty of alliance concluded between Japan and Great Britain on August 12th, 1905, has shown that, in the second article, the "special interests" there mentioned are expressly defined as those set forth in the preamble of the agreement, that is to say, interests connected with the regions of Eastern Asia and of India. From the moment that Britain's neutrality could be counted on in a contest between the United States and Japan, the disposition to avert such a contest at any cost has tended to die away. For, if we should be practically guaranteed against aggression in the Atlantic, there seems to be no conclusive reason why we should not despatch to the Pacific the greater part of our navy, which, in respect of battle-ships, is materially stronger than the Japanese. In other words, while we could do nothing on the ocean against Britain and Japan combined, we have no reason to fear the latter Power, if it should be isolated and forced to rely upon its own resources. Such isolation being now accepted as an indisputable fact, there is in Washington a growing inclination to regret the exhibition of an excessive eagerness to conciliate Japan. Of course the treaty rights of the Tokio Government will be respected, but, thanks to ex-Secretary Olney, attention has been directed to their precise scope and purport.

Since the publication on February 16th of the text of the new

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treaty between the United States and the Dominican Republic, there has been some improvement in the prospect of securing a ratification of it by two-thirds of the Senators during the present session of Congress. The preamble of the treaty sets forth that the external and internal debt of Santo Domingo has been scaled down to a sum not exceeding $17,000,000, and that arrangements can be made to liquidate this indebtedness forthwith by the issuance of $20,000,000 of fifty-year five-per-cent. bonds, purchasable at 96, and redeemable after ten years at 102½, the Dominican Republic pledging itself not to increase its debt until these bonds shall have been paid, except with the sanction of the President of the United States. A condition precedent to the purchase of the said bonds by an unnamed banking-house is the ratification of the new treaty, whereby the Dominican Republic agrees that the President of the United States shall appoint, by and with the advice and consent of the American Senate, a general receiver of Dominican customs, who, with such assistant receivers as may be appointed by the President of the United States, shall collect all the customs revenue of the Dominican Republic, until the payment or retirement of all bonds issued by the Dominican Government. The sums collected by the general receiver are to be applied, partly to the payment of interest and the establishment of a sinking-fund with regard to the Dominican bonds, and partly to the administrative expenses of the Dominican Republic. It will be noted that by the present treaty the United States does not agree to uphold any particular government at Santo Domingo, but simply undertakes to give the general receiver and his assistants such protection as may be needed for the performance of their duties. On the whole, it seems that the new treaty reduces our responsibilities to a minimum, while safeguarding the Dominican Republic from the bombardment and blockade to which, in 1902, Venezuela was subjected. The impression is gaining ground in Washington that some such interposition on our part will be requisite to shield the weaker Latin-American commonwealths from the seizure of their customs revenues by European Powers, until a Hague Congress shall have proclaimed the Drago doctrine a fundamental principle of international law, an event which we are unlikely to witness at an early date.

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THE EDITOR'S DIARY.

WEDNESDAY, *February 20.* May the President Admit New States?

IT is reported, and the report has not yet been contradicted, that the President is taking a fatherly interest in the internal affairs of Oklahoma. He has warned, it is said, the Constitutional Convention, which is engaged in framing the first fundamental law of the incoming State, that it must refrain from inserting in that law a provision forbidding the employment of armed private citizens by the railroads and other corporations. Such employment of private armed agents, especially for the suppression of strikes, has not been uncommon in the past.

It is such a curious theory that seems to possess Mr. Roosevelt's mind that it will repay examination. It seems that the President is of the opinion that he is the whole political power. Congress offends him if it does not agree with him and sustain all his theories and policies. In his relations to the judiciary department, too, Mr. Roosevelt, more than once, has indicated his belief that the President is the controlling force in the government, and that the judges do wrong, violate their duty, when they do not concur in his opinions on constitutional and other law. In this instance he is illustrating anew his theory that the President is the supreme power of the government, not bound to consult with any other power or department. Necessarily, therefore, the old theory that the other departments are coordinate with him, and independent of him, is, to his mind, exploded. More than this, in this case of Oklahoma he has assumed the rôle, and has enacted it most extravagantly, of the father of his people. He is denying to the people of the new State the right to govern themselves. On the one hand, he is usurping the powers of Congress; on the other, he is saying to the people of Oklahoma that they shall not govern themselves as they like, not

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as they think that they ought to govern themselves, but as he thinks that they should be governed.

The first serious question is whether the President has the power which he seems to have assumed. Can he, under the Constitution, be the parental governor that he seeks to be? If he has such a power as he attempts to exert, he can, of course, frame the whole fundamental law of the State of Oklahoma. If, for example, he thought that it would be best for the new State, or a good example for neighboring States, that its Constitution should prohibit the sale of liquor; or if he thought that it should restrict the suffrage, or admit women to vote, or adopt the town-meeting methods of New England, or the city-government experiment of Galveston—it would be as much within his power to deny Statehood to Oklahoma if the convention did not meet his requirements on these subjects, as it is within his power to insist that Pinkertons shall not be excluded by the new Constitution. The exercise of this power would, indeed, make the President an autocrat not only over the admission of new States, but in framing their State governments and their fundamental laws. The acceptance of the right would endow him with the power which the Constitution has bestowed upon Congress, and would reverse the intent of constitutional law, for it would make a Constitution a grant from the Executive instead of an enactment by the people, by the application and interpretation of which the judicial power keeps the political power to the way in which the people intend it to walk.

"New States may be admitted by the Congress into this Union," is the language of the Constitution. The right to admit new States has been consistently interpreted. In the first place, it has been assumed that, certain physical, geographical and statistical conditions being satisfactory to Congress, the old Territory ought to be admitted as a new State if its people so desire, Congress simply requiring that the new State's Constitution shall provide for a government republican in form. The power granted to Congress to "guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government" has been extended and applied so that Congress now demands, as it must, that each entering State shall possess a government republican in form when it presents itself for admission. Whether a State possesses a government republican in form is a question for the political power to deter-

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mine. This was decided by the Supreme Court early in the history of the Government in the case of Luther *v.* Borden. By the political power the Supreme Court designated, in this instance, the legislative power, of which the President, as the possessor of a qualified veto, is part. Mr. Roosevelt, therefore, if he were to deny admission to Oklahoma for any reason except that its Constitution provided for a government not republican in form, would assume to himself the rights of the whole political power and of the whole legislative power of the Government. He would assume what never belonged to an English-speaking monarch, and what the Tsar has promised the Russian people to surrender.

Not only this, but he would violate the Act of Congress itself for the admission of Oklahoma, the Act of June 16th, 1906. By this Act the President is instructed to examine the new Constitution, and if it and the government provided for by it "are republican in form, and if the provisions in this Act have been complied with in the promotion thereof [provisions respecting the eligibility of voters, the manner of holding the election for delegates, etc.], it shall be the duty of the President of the United States . . . to issue his proclamation announcing the result of the election," this election being for the ratification of the Constitution. "Thereupon," continues the statute, "the proposed State of Oklahoma shall be deemed admitted by Congress into the Union, under and by virtue of this Act, on an equal footing with the original States." The Act provides all the conditions under which the State may be admitted. The principal one of those conditions is required by the Constitution itself; the others are required by the constitutional enabling Act. Under the Constitution the President has not the right to prescribe other conditions. Congress has not empowered him to do so. Congress could not thus empower him, for an attempt by it to do so would be a delegation of its legislative duty which it may not make. Congress itself could not now add to the conditions which are to be found in the Act of June 16th without a breach of its faith.

Even if such a condition should be forced upon the Constitutional Convention by the proper authority, *i. e.*, by Congress, and if the new State Constitution should be without the provision against which Mr. Roosevelt has issued his warning, the moment that the new State shall become part of the Union it will have

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supreme control over its own Constitution. It may, therefore, amend it by inserting the provision which the President now warns it to omit. His effort, therefore, is not only in violation of the law of the land, but, for his own purposes, whatever they may be, it would be a futile violation.

THURSDAY, *February 21.* Some Letters from Our Readers.

WE receive daily many letters from readers of the REVIEW. Some voice intelligent suggestions or criticism in intelligible phrase, others express earnest and, at times, violent dissent for no given reason, a few sound unstinted praise tickling to vanity, but hardly convincing when subjected to the severe test of dissociated judgment; but all are interesting because indicative of phases of thought or emotion, and none passes unheeded. This morning came:

"SIR,—Pardon me, a stranger, for addressing you, but I was interested in reading the first article under the head of the 'Editor's Diary,' in your issue of January 4th, 1907, because it treats of a subject in which an instructive experiment is now being carried on in the State of New York.

"No one doubts President Roosevelt's honesty of purpose—not even his most active opponents, and least of all, I judge, yourself. But many, like you, object to the multiplicity of his activities—not, I take it, as a man, but as the President. Perhaps he tries no harder to guide all departments of the Government than many of his predecessors; if so, his ability makes his activity more fruitful, hence more noticeable.

"The Governor of New York, on the other hand, with just as honest a purpose, has taken the opposite stand. His duties, he says, are defined in the Constitution, and it is only *his* duties that he has been elected to perform. The members of the Legislature have theirs marked out for them in the same instrument. The Governor refuses, not only to be dictated to by the members of the Legislature, but, for the same reason, to dictate to that coordinate branch of the Government, relying upon public opinion to force them to do their duty, instead of on his strong right arm of Gubernatorial power.

"Personally, I believe that the Hughes way is the coming way, and I earnestly hope so.

"But, in your article, it seems to me that you confuse two separate and unrelated things. The arrogation by the central Government to itself of powers hitherto belonging to and exercised by the States is a very different thing from the encroachment of the Executive on the powers and duties of the other branches of the Government. While the limitation of the powers of the central Government is the result of accident, the separation into coordinate branches with distinct powers is due to

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the wisdom of the fathers based upon the experience of history. Not that the former is necessarily inconsistent with that wisdom, but it is not its product.

"For a clear discussion of these questions, they must first be carefully distinguished. When that is done, I think it will appear that in neither respect is there, in the attitude of the 'clique' at Washington, a menace to the liberty of the individual, except in so far as that is influenced by the effectiveness and virtue of the Government. Neither encroachment is, *in itself*, an abridgment of that liberty.

"I am, sir, etc.,

"GEORGE B. KELLER.

"BROOKLYN, NEW YORK."

Whether or not such encroachment be, *in itself*, an abridgment of personal liberty is a matter largely of interpretation; that it is *in effect*, which, after all, is the main point in issue, our casuistical correspondent inferentially admits. His easy assumption that "the limitation of the powers of the central Government is the result of accident," we charitably assume to partake of the nature of jocularity.

"SIR,—Allow one of your readers to say that in his opinion you are entitled to profound public thanks for the stand you are taking with regard to the President and his encroachments. Whatever his intentions, he is doing an enormous deal to blur public vision of matters vitally connected with the continuance of free institutions in this country—to advance us insensibly toward the forms of a monarchy—which will confirm to us the substance of which we already have no little. Commend us all to a reading of 'Miller Arnold's Lawsuit' in the last volume of Carlyle's *Friedrich*, but not to Carlyle's conclusions respecting all such.

"I am, sir, etc.,

"HENDRICK KINNEY.

"MADISON, WISCONSIN."

It was surely an interesting lawsuit, and calculated to illustrate admirably the effect of monarchical resentment of apparent injustice applied by established courts in a specific case without regard to establishment of precedent; but Carlyle's confused account seems almost opaque in the light of Macaulay's more general depiction of the same king:

"Most of the vices of Frederic's administration resolve themselves into one vice—the spirit of meddling. The indefatigable activity of his intellect, his dictatorial temper, his military habits—all inclined him to this

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great fault. He drilled his people as he drilled his grenadiers. Capital and industry were diverted from their natural direction by a crowd of preposterous regulations. There was a monopoly of coffee, a monopoly of tobacco, a monopoly of refined sugar. The public money, of which the King was generally so sparing, was lavishly spent in ploughing bogs, in planting mulberry-trees amidst the sand, in bringing sheep from Spain to improve the Saxon wool, in bestowing prizes for fine yarn, in building manufactories of porcelain, manufactories of carpets, manufactories of hardware, manufactories of lace. Neither the experience of other rulers nor his own could ever teach him that something more than an edict and a grant of public money was required to create a Lyons, a Brussels, or a Birmingham.

"For his commercial policy, however, there was some excuse. He had on his side illustrious examples and popular prejudice. Grievously as he erred, he erred in company with his age. In other departments his meddling was altogether without apology. He interfered with the course of justice as well as with the course of trade, and set up his own crude notions of equity against the law as expounded by the unanimous voice of the gravest magistrates. It never occurred to him that men whose lives were passed in adjudicating on questions of civil right were more likely to form correct opinions on such questions than a prince whose attention was divided among a thousand objects, and who had never read a law book through. The resistance opposed to him by the tribunals inflamed him to fury. He reviled his Chancellor. He kicked the shins of his judges. He did not, it is true, intend to act unjustly. He firmly believed that he was doing right and defending the cause of the poor against the wealthy. Yet this well-meant meddling probably did far more harm than all the explosions of his evil passions during the whole of his long reign. We could make shift to live under a debauchee or a tyrant, but to be ruled by a busybody is more than human nature can bear."

If we rightly suspect the parallel designed by our correspondent, Macaulay would seem to be preeminent in simple effectiveness.

"SIR,—You raise the question, 'Can Women be Friends?' and leave the conclusion to other 'more certain minds.' It has occurred to me in this connection that the lifelong friendship of Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony is well worth citing as an instance of rare friendship between two women. On the occasion of Miss Anthony's eightieth birthday, which was celebrated at the Lafayette Square Opera-House in Washington, February 15th, 1900, Harriet Stanton Blatch, the daughter of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, brought to Miss Anthony the greeting of her mother, and her address on that occasion was so remarkable that I am enclosing herewith a copy of it.

"I am, sir, etc.,

"ELIZABETH J. HAUSER."

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"I bring to you, Susan B. Anthony, the greetings of your friend and coworker, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, greetings full of gracious memories. When the cause for which you have worked shall be victorious, then, as is the way of the world, will it be forgotten that it ever meant effort or struggle for pioneers; but the friendship of you two women will remain a precious memory in the world's history, unforgotten and unforgettable. Your lives have proved not only that women can work strenuously together without jealousy, but that they can be friends in times of sunshine and peace and stress and storm. No mere fair-weather friends have you been to each other.

"Does not Emerson say that friendship is the slowest fruit in the garden of God? The fruit of frendship between you two has grown through half a hundred years, each year making it more beautiful, more mellow, more sweet. But you have not been weak echoes of each other; nay, often for the good of each you were thorns in the side. Yet disagreement only quickened loyalty. Supplementing each other, companionship drew out the best in each. You have both been urged to untiring efforts through the sympathy, the help of the other. You have attained the highest achievement in demonstrating a lofty, an ideal friendship. This friendship of you two women is the benediction for our century."

We publish gladly this tribute to a friendship as unselfish and beautiful as our correspondent inadvertently admits it to have been rare.

"SIR,—'There is no Place in Heaven for Old Maids.' This cruel and crushing statement was made by a Carmelite father the other night while preaching a mission sermon at the Church of St. Bernard, in West Fourteenth Street. He also said that it was almost impossible for one not married or who did not become a nun to save her soul. While old maids, with the rest of the world, may treat with infinite scorn the prophecies of any one, even a priest, as to their chances of happiness after death, his second remark is of so serious a nature, affecting the character and reputation of many women, that it is as unfair as it is untrue.

"Furthermore, it is not inappropriate at this time to reply to the Reverend Father's criticism in the words of Susan B. Anthony: 'Any woman in the world will get married if the man she loves asks her.' If he does not, what can she do? To be able to marry some one else is not going to make her a happy woman and, we are sure, it is not going to make her a good one, no matter how many priests may bless the ring or assist at the ceremony.

"The Church of which this priest is a member has always been and still is the strongest advocate of celibacy of any Church of ancient or modern times, and its priests have from time immemorial trained and fortified souls to live in the state of life he deplores. In other words, they have been the consolers and comforters to sick and suffering souls

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who have been denied every human consolation and who would otherwise have sought distraction in pleasure and probably in sin. Then, too, a Catholic girl knows if she makes an unfortunate marriage she has to put up with it. At any rate, she cannot secure a divorce and marry again without being excommunicated from the Church. The result is that the Catholic Church has, in this country at least, a larger percentage of unmarried women than any other denomination.

"Aside from all this, is it not rather ungallant to make rude and terrifying remarks to a class of people so useful to mankind in general? There is a lot of work to be done in the world, and many old maids are doing theirs as well as the priest does his. In addition to all the odd jobs which they formerly did, as trained workers they now nurse the sick, mind children, cook, bake, sew, teach (some have been known to preach), support fathers and mothers, educate the children of worthless brothers and brothers-in-law, and last, but by no means least, render substantial assistance to the support of all priests.

"The old maids who felt discouraged and dismayed by this father's statement should remember that greater priests and philosophers than he have said exactly the reverse. Among them St. Paul, who remarked: 'If you get married you do well; if you remain single you do better.' Wagner, in his delineation of a society that is vulgar and corrupt, thought fit to write words of passionate admiration for old maids; and Thackeray, that keen and delightful philosopher, has given us perhaps the truest and most pathetic picture of the lives of women in general who are born in humble circumstances, whom he poetically describes as 'sisters of charity without the romance and sentiment of sacrifice.'

"If the good father has any satisfying and satisfactory solution of the situation which he deplores (other than that promulgated by Brigham Young), he will be heralded by the old maids themselves as the greatest benefactor of his time. If he has not, what good can be achieved by making cynical remarks as to the present conduct and terrible predictions as to the future happiness of a class of helpless people who feel that in the great scheme of things they have been very inadequately taken care of? —— ——.

"New York City."

Even spinsters ought not to attempt to justify their indefensible attitude towards the human race by misquoting the Scriptures from either unscrupulous design or treacherous memory. There is no record, authentic or otherwise, to our knowledge, of such an utterance as that so glibly attributed to Paul. His admonition was addressed, not to unmarried women, but directly to "any man" who might think he had behaved "uncomely"—or, according to the Revised Version, "unseemly"—towards a virgin of mature years; such an one, the apostle declared, though he "sinneth not," "doeth well" to keep his virgin; and,

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he added, naturally: "So, then, he that giveth her in marriage doeth well; but he that giveth her not in marriage [*i. e.*, presumably marries her himself] doeth better." The inappositeness, if not indeed downright dishonesty, of our correspondent's misquotation is therefore clearly apparent.

Paul's direct injunction was addressed to Timothy in these unmistakable words: "I will that the younger women marry, bear children, guide the house, give no occasion to the adversary to speak reproachfully." The excellence of this advice, as thus presented in the Authorized Version, was so obvious that the learned revisers ventured a change only in the most tentative manner. In point of fact, there can be little doubt that Paul's reference was really restricted to younger widows, not younger women, since he had just enjoined that none be enrolled as a widow "under threescore years old," because those who had not reached that age of reasonable discretion were accustomed to "desire to marry" and "to be idle, going about from house to house, and not only idle, but tattlers also and busybodies, speaking things which they ought not." Apparently, at the time of writing to Timothy, Paul regarded remarriage of the younger widows as the only effective remedy for harmful gossip; and yet, but a short time previous, he had written to his friends in Corinth, "I say to the unmarried and widows, 'It is good for them if they abide even as I'"; *i. e.*, as an old bachelor, since even then he was somewhat advanced in years.

On the whole, we must conclude that, although the clearest and wisest of teachers of his day in matters concerning men, when he undertook to treat of those pertaining specifically to women, and to widows especially, Paul's mind became confused. Curiously enough, the like might be said of nearly all of the great preachers who succeeded him—surely, at any rate, from the days of Knox to those of Beecher. For some inscrutable reason, each has seemed to lack the specific knowledge of feminine traits and inclinations derived from experience by many of us who are in other respects comparatively ill informed.

SIR,—'Why Not Tax Old Maids?' is the title and subject of an article in the 'Editor's Diary' of your number of January 4th, 1907. It caught my eye precisely because I am that thing maligned in your paper, a

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deliberate spinster; and because I have reflected, much and often, on the position old maids have assumed in the community. In the first place, let me defend those members of society from your charge of their being 'clogs'—they are, according to my rather large experience among them, particularly useful citizens: in replacing tired mothers (or dead ones) in the care of their children, in doing 'nurse,' or 'governess' work, for nothing but the joy of helping, with all the love and devotion of the real mothers; in doing faithful service on charitable boards, where they give time and thought unstintingly; and *officially*, as teachers in public schools, where a recent law forbids a married woman to serve!

"If these are some of the uses of spinsters, there is another reason why they should not be taxed, further than is already the case, if they happen to hold 'trust property,' and that is the fact that they are unrepresented by a *vote*. Now, I am not in favor of giving universal suffrage to women (any more than to men); but should the suffrage be given to any women, it certainly belongs to those single women, or widows who, though they may hold property on which they do pay taxes, are unable to influence in any way legislation which affects their interests, while the laboring men to whom they pay $1.50 to $2.00 a day may vote against them at any election.

"Property ought to have taxation with representation, whether held by a man or a woman; but as long as spinsters have no rights in the management of local governments, they should not be taxed for being single. As for your view that every woman should marry, whether she finds a congenial mate or not—the idea is too unreasonable to require a reply from A RESPECTABLE SPINSTER.

"ON BOARD S.S. 'CEDRIC.'"

The complacently boastful admission of our correspondent that she is a "deliberate" spinster, of course, confirms our assertion that no woman fails to fulfil her destiny from lack of opportunity. To urge that a congenial mate cannot be selected from the five millions of starving bachelors and widowers now at large in this country is plain confession of excessive particularity, just as departure for foreign lands simultaneously with the approach of the seductive spring-time is manifest evasion of fateful responsibility.

"SIR,—I find the 'Editor's Diary' the most entertaining part of the REVIEW. Especially interesting in the last REVIEW is your explanation of the facts that there are more widows than widowers, and more divorced women than men.

"For a mere man, your reasoning is very good, but it is far from the truth. We might let it go as a joke were there not danger of some gullible youths being frightened, youths who are now blissfully floating down

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the Wooing River, hoping in time to reach the open sea and the Islands of the Blest. Your reasoning might cause them to fear that the Wooing River leads to the awful whirlpool that only the lucky few escape.

"For the sake of such youths the truth should be told. Your facts are correct and your figures true; there are more widows, both grass and sod, than widowers, but your explanations are as far as possible from the true ones.

"Every young man knows he is a poor creature, earthbound, mostly made of clay, seeking something, he knows not what, till there comes a day, and such a day, when an angel in the form of a woman dawns upon his vision. Life becomes different; he longs only for her companionship; he dreams of heaven in the shape of a home for two. He wins her, gets his home, and finds it so heavenly sweet he is consumed with a longing for more heaven and more angelic companionship. His soul awakens, grows strong, flaps its pinions, and he is away, not dead, just gone up.

"With a woman it is different. She is, as we all know, a stranger to earth, a missionary, as it were, from heaven. Seeing how easily men are won and sent up, she exerts herself, making a willing, yea, a joyful, sacrifice for the sake of man's eternal good. After a time, perhaps, the strange earth things fascinate her, and she might stay on forever if her heavenly companions from whom she wandered away in early youth did not snatch her back to themselves, at a ripe old age.

"This explanation, I am sure, you will at once see, is better than yours; more cheerful and more encouraging to all young men, and might put an end to all bachelorhood.

"I am, sir, etc.,

"OLIVE GOLD SMITH.

"CHICAGO, ILLINOIS."

Regard for verity compels us to dissent regretfully from the judgment that all women are angelic while on earth; if they were, conditions would be so unequal that existence would be unendurable by man.

SATURDAY, *February 23*. The Essential Requisite of Reformation.

WE wish to acknowledge receipt of a great number of letters from officials of women's associations and clubs containing copies of resolutions commending our advocacy of extension of the suffrage; also of many communications protesting against the expression of our own inability to recognize the privilege of voting as an inherent right. It may be that this phase of the subject calls for special consideration, which, however, we withhold simply because, in matters of vital concern, a discussion which seems to be purely academic can be regarded only as a

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waste of energy and a cause of harmful dissension. We cheerfully grant that in theory much that is convincing may be said on the affirmative side of the question; we insist also that the record of the state of comparative savagery from which the human race is slowly, but surely, emerging points in severe practice to a different conclusion; personally, we have no quarrel with those who hold the one view or the other, so the goal be the same.

It is not so long ago when members of a religious sect were firmly convinced that there was but one road to Heaven. Now there is a quite general consensus of tolerant opinion that there are many ways, and that no one of the avenues is so narrow as that solitary path once fixed by creed, prejudice or early teaching. The chief point we would make in this connection is that actual accomplishment is dependent upon ability to convince those who really possess authority, rightfully or wrongfully, of the wisdom or necessity of sharing it with others who, in point of fact at the present time, are deprived of the privilege of exercising it. Appeals to conscience and sense of fairness may be effective with some men; therefore let them be made without stint, and God speed the effort! But why impair the full force of the invocation by restriction of any kind not absolutely imposed by moral law? Frank recognition of existing conditions is the first essential requisite of reformation always. We may as well admit, then, at the outset, that the average modern man is egotistical and the average modern woman parasitical. Neither fully appreciates this simple truth, and none, of course, will admit it; but the fact remains, and is easily demonstrated by the most casual observation. The cause lies in the utter inequality between the sexes, developed by ages of presumably progressive, but surely artificial, existence. There was no such disparity in the beginning of earthly things, as we know them. Primitive man and primitive woman differed only in characteristics which have maintained to this day; in other respects they were of substantially the same rank. The chief difference lay in the fact that his nature was, and still is, destructive; while hers was, and continues to be, constructive. When he sought to kill the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air for food, she learned from the animals how to extract the poison from herbs and provide sustenance, if need should arise, through domestication of plants. His exploits were more brilliant and venturesome and, when successful, more satisfying; but

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it was her work that afforded safeguard against failure, and transformed a mere chance into a certainty of existence. There ensued, as a matter of course, the equality of interdependence, the material daring and aggressiveness of the one admirably supplementing the greater patience and foresight of the other and, *mirabile dictu,* he regarding her invariably with respect, not tolerance, and she relying in no sense upon him for protection from chivalrous motives or instinct.

To trace the change wrought by what is ordinarily termed the intellectual development of the human race would surely be wearisome and quite likely unprofitable. Moreover, it might be a question not easily determined, even though we had a choice, which would be the better way of living—theirs or ours. The chief fact to reckon with for the moment is the difference, and that becomes apparent when we admit, as we must, if truthful with ourselves, that every man living to-day unconsciously assumes superiority over woman, and no living woman, at least in America, questions for a moment her inherent right to demand support and protection from man. Clearly, while such conditions continue, talk or thought of true equality is farcical to a degree, and mere expediency offers as sure a basis for argument in favor of universal suffrage as actual prerogative, if not, indeed, a surer one. But, since the opening of one road does not necessarily close another, there would seem to be no good reason for restricting choice or for bickering at the crossways.

MONDAY, *February 25.* Woman's Arguments Against Woman Suffrage.

"Paradoxical as it may seem to thee, O Lord!" was the beginning of the prayer of the pedagogue; and, "Paradoxical as it may seem to you, O Senators," would have been a fitting opening of the argument advanced by certain estimable women who appeared recently before a legislative committee in Albany to voice a protest against universal suffrage. Two members of the committee to whom they appealed are the most conspicuous examples of successfully corrupt politicians in the Empire State; to them in particular was addressed the entreaty to save the commonwealth from the direful effects of ballots which might be cast by women like unto themselves. The reasons actuating the protest were set

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forth succinctly, whether convincingly or not, in an "official paper," from which we quote.

1. "Would it not be an impulsive act of the New York legislator, moved by the appeals of a minority, to favor the grave social experiment of giving the suffrage to more than two millions of women whom the suffragists, after sixty years of missionary work, cannot convert into wanting it?"

In the present state of civilization, which demands chivalric treatment of presumed unequals, it is considered unbecoming to question statements of fact made by ladies; so we pass hastily over the awkward certainties that the State has less than sixteen hundred thousand male voters altogether, and that the bill objected to applied only to cities of the third class, to the main point, namely, of apprehended "impulsiveness" of the New York legislator. We would not seem impertinent, and yet may there not be reason in asking that a period of limitation of undue haste be fixed "after sixty years"?

2. "Women have been accused of being impulsive, but they are far-seeing enough to be conservative on this question. Shall the New York legislator be less conservative than the New York woman?"

If women are thus aggressively "conservative" on this question, is there any reason to doubt that they would be equally so on others no less vital? That the New York legislator should emulate one he acknowledges as his superior we cheerfully grant.

3. "The suffragists appeal to your chivalry on the ground that women need their rights and cannot get them by acts of Legislature."

Why, then, this bill?

4. "It is quite safe to assume, and perfectly easy to prove, that the New York man is the same man in his treatment of women in or out of the Legislature."

We are unable to determine whether this is intended to be a compliment or an insult. In either case the point is missing.

5. "It is exactly because the suffragist has found it easy to get whatever she wants from men outside of the lawmaking body, that she comes so confidently to you to-day."

But has she? If so, why the necessity of appearing at all?

6. "If her sex were behind her, which they are not, she would get the vote to-morrow without the trouble of personally asking the Legislature."

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How?

7. "We believe that woman's non-partisan attitude gives her the opportunity for influence in the community which the suffrage would divert and curtail."

All voters are not partisans; practically no women would be.

8. "We believe that intelligence and integrity of character are more potent factors in governing woman's wages than the ballot would be."

What of it?

9. "We believe that more enduring good can be accomplished by training and moulding a child's nature than by voting on the tariff, civil-service reform, railroad monopoly or any other national or State issue."

Why not both?

10. "This is surely not a man's question; it is a woman's question. Do not act on impulse; let the women of this State decide that they want a vote before you use your official position to help make woman suffrage a law. What ten thousand women want is not the final necessity in a State of over seven million persons. Leaving out the children, there are still the views of fully four million grown men and women to be considered as either opposed to the extension of the suffrage or indifferent to it."

Why is it not a man's question; and why, particularly in puerile discussion, leave out the children?

11. "We believe that you can be trusted to defeat this resolution, and we earnestly beg you to protect our interests by your constitutional powers of check, to the end that women may continue active and beneficent in ways with which political duties would conflict."

How "interests" can be protected by deprivation of authority is beyond our ken; if, on the other hand, the conferring of suffrage rights would induce passivity on the part of women, we can perceive no reason for objection by those now so "active and beneficent" in opposition.

We dislike extremely to treat a serious subject in a manner seemingly flippant; but we know of no other method of disposing or irrelevant, illogical and childish assertions masquerading in the semblance of arguments. Nevertheless, the mere fact that so many excellent women have the courage—or should we say brazenness—to appear before notoriously corrupt politicians, even to beg that they be saved from themselves and their sisters, indicates the power for good they might wield if endowed with actual authority.

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